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THE BARODA COMMISSION.

SERJEANT BALLANTINE is very well known to the English public; and when he goes out express to India and receives a dazzling fee—to say nothing of being crowned with flowers by admiring natives—in order to show how a real master in the art can conduct a cross-examination, it is natural that his proceedings should attract a large amount of attention. It is only by a stretch of language that the investigation into the crime imputed to the Serjeant's client is called a trial. This investigation has been made by a special Commission, which has been directed to hear evidence and report to the Indian Government in order that the VICEROY may be guided to a proper decision. The final action taken by the VICEROY will belong to the domain of politics. Lord NORTHBROOK will have to decide, not only whether the GAIKWAR is or is not guilty of attempted assassination, but what is to be done with him. Every circumstance is therefore favourable to an indulgence in sensational writing. Serjeant BALLANTINE's cross-examination of Colonel PHAYRE can be reprinted in full, and the highest tribute paid to the skill with which it was conducted; the conduct of Colonel PHAYRE can be severely criticized; the worthlessness of all the evidence adduced against the GAIKWAR can be exposed; and hints can be given that it is certain that, if one of the Commissioners is specially acute, he must be dissatisfied with this evidence. If it were a trial all this would be considered grossly unfair. While the jury are considering their verdict it is allowed to be unwarrantable to inform them that the clever ones among them can come to but one verdict, that the cross-examination has been smashing, and the chief witness shown to be a fool, and, although not a coward, an extremely tiresome person. But this is not a trial, and members of a Commission may be properly guided by the majestic and impartial wisdom of the English press. They can be given to understand that the enlightened British public expects that its master in cross-examination shall not have been sent out for nothing. But this is not all. As the action of the Indian Government is political as well as judicial, it is open to the freest criticism. The VICEROY can be asked to observe that he is in a regular fix, and that whatever he does he will be held to be doing wrong. To have appointed a Commission at all was very foolish, and now the VICEROY is only reaping the fruits of the silly seeds he sowed. If he thinks the GAIKWAR guilty, his judgment will carry no weight, for he will be acting in opposition to the opinion of the cleverest of the Commissioners, whoever they may be. If he thinks the GAIKWAR innocent, he will appear in the light of a person who has tried to hunt a poor harmless Prince to death, and has ignominiously failed in the attempt. And then, unless he is prepared to say that the guilt of the GAIKWAR is established, Lord NORTHBROOK must allow him to resume the government of Baroda during at least the remainder of his probationary term. But Lord NORTHBROOK must not suppose he is going to feel happy if he does this. The GAIKWAR will be restored, but not in a perfectly creditable manner. In the opinion of some of the members of the Commission he will have been held guilty of an attempt at assassination; and although it will be evident to the keen scrutiny of accomplished English critics that it will only be the less able and intelligent members of the Commission who can have come to such an absurd conclusion, and remained unaffected by a masterpiece of cross-exami-

nation "such as perhaps had never been known before in "an Indian court," yet the rude creatures who live under the rule of the GAIKWAR may fail to catch this nice distinction, and may feel an unreasonable nervousness about the habits and propensities of their restored sovereign. If Lord NORTHBROOK reflects a little, he cannot fail to see that he really is in a fix, and that the eagle eyes which have traced and exposed his blunders before he has made them will have no difficulty in showing that the consequences of these blunders, when he has made them, are even more disastrous than could have been anticipated.

Although the investigation of the Commission is not, technically speaking, a trial, it has so much superficial resemblance to one that the consideration of the value of the evidence against the GAIKWAR and of the success of Serjeant BALLANTINE's cross-examination may be conveniently postponed. Nor has the time arrived for discussing the propriety of the decision at which Lord NORTHBROOK may hereafter arrive. But one step the Indian Government has indisputably taken, which, being an accomplished fact, is within the legitimate sphere of criticism. It did appoint the Commission, and to have appointed a Commission at all is said to have been a mistake. We may assume that there was a *prima facie* case against the GAIKWAR, a case that called for a regular investigation of some sort. The Government did not act on Colonel PHAYRE's statements. It ordered a preliminary inquiry to be made by an independent and competent authority, and it was advised that the evidence against the GAIKWAR was sufficient to call on him to answer it. After the evidence has been sifted, some members of the Commission—the stupider members possibly, but still persons charged with an official duty, and supposed to be impartial and fit to come to a decision—hold that the guilt of the GAIKWAR has been established. This does not show that the GAIKWAR was guilty, but it shows that there was good reason for inquiring into his guilt. If an inquiry was to be made, how was it to be made? It is suggested that the Indian Government would have done much better to have made its inquiry quietly and in its own way, to have kept its secret, to have avoided controversy, and to have ultimately announced that the guilt of the GAIKWAR was established to its satisfaction, and that it was going to punish him; or that his guilt was not established, and that no further notice of the matter would be taken. The great advantage of this method would have been that no one would ever have been able to say whether the Government was right or wrong. It would have reposed serenely on its prerogative. It would have been exposed to no criticism. It would have afforded no opening for a masterly cross-examination. If it had made a mistake, it would never have been found out, and so its invaluable prestige would have been kept up in the eyes of the natives and of the world. There is some foundation for these suggestions. The particular way in which the Government ought to act in case crimes are imputed to native princes must vary according to circumstances. If, for example, a native prince were discovered to have mixed himself up with treasonable practices, if he had been forming a league hostile to us, or attempting to corrupt our native troops, or taking subsidies from any of our Asiatic enemies, it might be wise to arrest him and say nothing about the precise reasons for his arrest. It might be extremely dangerous to let every one know through what perils we had been passing. The mere fact that the arrest was a political one would justify to every one in India the secrecy with which it had been carried out.

But when a native prince is charged with an ordinary crime, one that would be subjected to the examination of a court of law if he were not a prince, the Indian Government may reasonably think that it ought to proceed in a different way. As it is not itself attacked, as its political supremacy is not in question, it may prefer to let every one know what it is doing. The GAIKWAR is accused of poisoning, and the Indian Government decides that the inquiry into his guilt shall be a public one, that the evidence against him shall be given publicly, and that he shall be allowed the assistance of a masterly cross-examiner. It has had some experience of what happens when this is not allowed. Some years ago a native chief was deposed because he was held to be privy to a plot, the end of which was that a number of his enemies were invited to a banquet and murdered. He bitterly complained that the evidence against him was worthless. The Government ordered a fresh inquiry, and was confirmed in the opinion of his guilt. But he never held his peace, and was constantly complaining of the injustice that had been done him. The rulers of other native States may have thought that they too were liable to be deposed for complicity in alleged crimes established only to the satisfaction of a secret Commission. The occasion presented by the crime imputed to the GAIKWAR may have seemed, therefore, to the Indian Government one not to be lost, and it may have wisely decided that in this case publicity and deliberateness in action were preferable to secrecy and a use of the high hand.

To have only appointed the Commission if the guilt of the GAIKWAR had been established beforehand so conclusively that any six men, not absolutely dishonest, must have concurred to report him guilty, would have been doing nothing at all. Let us suppose that three British officers had seen the GAIKWAR put arsenic into Colonel PHAYRE'S sherbet. No doubt their testimony would have been conclusive; but the appointment of a Commission to receive such evidence, while in all cases where the testimony was that of natives, and there was doubt as to its value, the Government acted secretly and in virtue of its prerogative, would have been as foolish a course as could have been taken. It would have inspired many more doubts of the justice of the Government than it would have allayed. It could only be in cases where some possibility of doubt existed that the institution of a public inquiry could show the justice and strength of the Government. If the case is open to doubt, there is naturally a chance that all the members of the Commission may not be impressed by the evidence in the same way. They are not, however, to decide; they are merely to lay before the Government the evidence they have collected, and to state what they think of this evidence. It follows that, if the Government decides that guilt is established, it may be adopting the opinion not of a unanimous Commission, but of a majority of the Commissioners. But it does not at all follow that, if it adopts the opinion of a majority, it is doing wrong. Last year an Englishman was accused by a native of violence, and was sentenced by a magistrate to imprisonment. He appealed, and of the two judges of the Court of Appeal one believed the native prosecutor, the other thought that his story was a tissue of lies. As there was this conflict of opinion, Lord NORTHBROOK was appealed to, and he was asked to release the prisoner. He refused, and the ground of his refusal was that two out of three persons who had examined into the facts had come to the conclusion that the alleged act of violence had been really committed. The course taken by Lord NORTHBROOK was held up by the native press as the triumph of justice and good sense. If natives tell a story, and yet justice is not to take its course because a minority of the judges disbelieve the evidence, English rule would, as these critics urged, be a mere reign of oppression. They might say exactly the same thing if a majority of the Commission believed the native witnesses against the GAIKWAR, and yet Lord NORTHBROOK let the GAIKWAR off because a minority of the Commission thought the native witnesses were liars. The fix in which he is said to be may appear quite imaginary to Lord NORTHBROOK. He has only to receive the report and act as he thinks right; and, whichever way he decides, he may entertain a comfortable conviction that the English Government will be strong enough to deal with the affairs of Baroda.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S FINANCE.

THE want of vigour and originality which is displayed in the entire policy of the Government extends to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S financial administration. He has been saved from the discredit and inconvenience of an adverse balance by mere accident or luck. The Excise returns fail to correspond with the estimate by nearly half a million; and the Stamp duties, and the Post Office returns, including the receipts from the Telegraph service, both fall short of the estimates and exhibit an actual decline. On the other hand, the reduction of a penny of Income-tax has been to some extent compensated by higher assessments and fuller returns; and the sum received from the Sugar duties before they were abolished is somewhat larger than had been anticipated. There is a small increase in the assessment of lands and houses to Income-tax; and the low rate of duty appears to have faintly stimulated the conscience of traders; yet it is unsatisfactory to observe that, while trades and professions have increased their returns by 11 per cent., public Companies, which are taxed on their full income, have been charged on an additional revenue of 14 per cent., mines on 27 per cent., and ironworks on more than 80 per cent. In all these cases the income for the past year, having been estimated on the returns of one or more previous years, indicated a condition of prosperity which has already disappeared. The profits of iron-works are at present lower than at any recent time, and public Companies and trades and professions are certainly not unusually prosperous. In the current year the Income-tax will be subject to a large reduction, nor is there any prospect of elasticity in any branch of the revenue, unless the free admission of sugar tends still further to increase the consumption of tea. On the whole, notwithstanding temporary variations, the Income-tax is perhaps the least unsatisfactory source of revenue. When it was first imposed, a penny in the pound of the income of Great Britain produced about three-quarters of a million. In 1868 the amount on each penny levied throughout the United Kingdom was 1,450,000*l.*, and in the last year it was 1,757,000*l.* In the present year it will probably yield a million and a half, and if commercial prosperity hereafter revives, the produce may perhaps in time reach two millions. The preservation of so considerable a revenue is a compensation for the loss of Mr. GLADSTONE'S services as Minister. He has lately declined to explain the nature of the substitute which he would have provided for the Income-tax if his premature Budget of 1874 had been approved by the constituencies. When the offer was first made it was carelessly repeated by Mr. DISRAELI, and Sir S. NORTHCOTE himself intimated his readiness to consider at some future time the question of abolition.

The absence of a surplus will perhaps not be an unmixed disadvantage. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have a conclusive answer both to claims for reduction of taxes, and to demands of Imperial contribution to local rates; nor is it possible that he should now commit the blunder of abolishing or further reducing the Income-tax. A year ago, in defiance of warning, he insisted on assuming that the revenue would continue to expand at the average rate of increase; and Mr. GLADSTONE, with official enthusiasm, asserted that it would be culpable to rely on judgment or reason in opposition to statistics. It now appears that it would have been prudent to retain a threepenny Income-tax, even if it were thought necessary to complete Mr. LOWE'S enterprise by the abolition of the residue of the Sugar duty. It is possible that Sir S. NORTHCOTE may have preferred a narrow margin of revenue to a surplus which would have produced many competitors for a share in the proceeds. Immediately after the election it was thought necessary to reward the representatives of the ratepayers for their support by contributions which were not unreasonable, in aid of the cost of police and of lunatic asylums. The Chambers of Agriculture, and the more zealous county members, have always since professed to regard the measure of last year as a mere instalment of a debt; but they will acknowledge that no further dividend on their claims can be expected at present. The railway shareholders will despair of relief from the grievance of the passenger-tax, which is probably as permanent as other imposts which are exclusively levied on a particular class. Even if the justice of their claim were as evident to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER as it seems demonstrable to themselves, they must admit that it is for the present impossible to spare any considerable

amount of revenue. The association of shopkeepers which formerly maintained a recurring agitation against the Income-tax has of late been prudently silent.

But for the traditional necessity of introducing the most unpretending Budget in an elaborate speech, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might this year compress his financial statement within the limit of half an hour. The revenue has by a small amount exceeded the estimate and the expenditure; there is no surplus to distribute in relief of taxation, and there is no absolute necessity for new taxes. Though Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is in finance a disciple of Mr. GLADSTONE, he has no pretension to the versatile boldness of his master, nor to his copious eloquence. Fifteen years ago there was, as at present, an equilibrium, and it was supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE would be content to wait for a more convenient opportunity of making fiscal changes. Instead of acquiescing in the supposed necessity of inaction, he startled the House of Commons both by his rhetorical exaggerations and by his daring fiscal policy. Having announced a deficiency of several millions, by which he meant that the Income-tax would expire if it were not as of course renewed, the Chancellor of the Exchequer then proposed to increase the rate of Income-tax, and to abolish the Paper-duty, and, in compliance with the stipulations of the French Treaty of Commerce, to reduce the duty on wine. The controversies which ensued are recorded in Sir S. NORTHCOTE's history of Mr. GLADSTONE's Budgets; but his heroic achievements are not likely to be repeated by his pupil and successor. It will rather be necessary to satisfy the House of Commons that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will be able to insure even a small surplus without additional taxation. The receipts of the last year include some months of Income-tax at the rate of threepence in the pound; and, for reasons which have been already stated, there is a probability of a decline in the assessments. The stagnation of many great branches of industry will inevitably affect the produce of the Excise; and it may be supposed that the heads of the revenue departments will not in the present year add the ordinary percentage of increase to their estimates of probable receipts. While the national income is stationary or declining, the expenditure both on the army and the navy is increased to an amount about equal to the realized surplus of the past year. It will probably be more desirable to leave a narrow margin of income over expenditure than to replace the penny of Income-tax which ought not to have been surrendered; but the equilibrium will be liable to disturbance if there should be either a bad harvest or a further depression of trade.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has undoubtedly been disappointed by the result of his last year's calculation. In the autumn the Ministers exulted openly in the prospect of a considerable surplus. Mr. DISRAELI himself stated at the LORD MAYOR's dinner that the revenue up to that time exceeded the estimates; and he was probably not aware that the increase had been casual and unforeseen. The million and a half of Income-tax which was thrown away in deference to Mr. GLADSTONE's example would have secured an abundant surplus which would again have perceptibly reduced the Debt. It is but a small matter that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will have little reason to fear the criticism of the Opposition. Mr. LOWE had almost imposed upon him the obligation of repealing the Sugar duty; and Mr. GLADSTONE's political Budget outbid Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's concession to the payers of Income-tax. Even the grant in aid of the rates was consistent with the professed intentions of the former Ministry; and the estimates which have since been falsified by the result would have been adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE if he had remained in office. No judicious Liberal will repeat in the House of Commons the invidious statement which has been occasionally made out of doors, that the surplus created by the Liberal Government has been exhausted by their successors. Neither Sir S. NORTHCOTE nor Mr. GLADSTONE contributed either to the inflated prosperity of two years ago or to the present depression. The Conservatives were lucky in the first good harvest of three or four years, as their predecessors had profited by the activity of the iron and coal trades, and by the consequent consumption of tobacco, spirits, and beer. Both parties have at different times urged the necessity of reducing the National Debt, and both emulously applied the surplus which might have been employed for the purpose in conciliating taxpayers. The experience of a year of office will perhaps cultivate in Sir S. NORTHCOTE the

originality and self-reliance in which he has hitherto been deficient. He has deferred too much to the authority of Mr. GLADSTONE, who is a great financier, though he somewhat compromised his reputation by an electioneering Budget. A political opponent is seldom a safe adviser.

FRANCE.

M. BUFFET'S Ministry must be admitted to be an excellent representation of the majority to which it owes its existence. The uncertainty and dissatisfaction which reign in the larger body are accurately reproduced in the smaller. No one section of the Ministerial party is altogether easy about the remaining section, and no one member of the Cabinet quite likes the way in which some of his colleagues are behaving themselves. M. BUFFET's declaration on taking office found a hostile, though decorous, critic in the journal which is supposed to be specially associated with M. LÉON SAY, and this week there has been a scarcely concealed quarrel over the contents of M. DUFAURE's Circular to his subordinates. For some days it was doubtful whether it would not be considered too bad to be published in the Official Journal; and though this last and worst condemnation has been spared it, the delay in publishing it has equally had the effect of making the whole country a partaker of what are usually supposed to be Ministerial secrets. Under any circumstances it would have been difficult to prevent the dispute from becoming known, because each section of the Cabinet is closely connected with politicians outside the Ministry. But a quarrel which rests only on rumour, however accredited, makes much less impression on the public than one which has been substantiated by the non-appearance in the Official Journal of a Ministerial Circular which is known to have been distributed to all the officials whom it concerns. The delay is all the more extraordinary that it was not at once ended even by the publication of the erring document in the *Times*. There are some members of the Cabinet, perhaps, who regard publication in the *Journal Officiel* as a certificate of merit which is not to be bestowed even upon a Minister if he has proved himself unworthy of it.

The character of M. DUFAURE's Circular makes this withholding of it all the more significant. It begins by the statement that the National Assembly has established the Republic in France, and that for six years this Republic will be presided over by Marshal MACMAHON. It next says that the satisfaction which this change ought to produce cannot be expected to show itself at once. Allowance must be made for "cherished recollections, pious inviolable attachment to former convictions." Still, the *procureurs-généraux* must not make these amiable emotions an excuse for weakness in the exercise of their functions. Above all, they must tell the MINISTER of JUSTICE nothing but the truth. M. DUFAURE is especially anxious to know whether the Jury Bill passed in 1872 has answered the expectations formed of it. If it has done so as regards ordinary offences, has it been equally successful as regards offences committed by means of the press? Next he asks to be told how the press itself has been treated within the several jurisdictions of the officials he is addressing. They are to furnish him with particulars of all the suppressions, suspensions, or prohibitions to sell in the streets which have occurred during the last two years. Newspapers are not the only weapon which has been used against the Government. A deluge of photographic drawings and emblems, "in which historical truth is not less belied than patriotism and good sense," has been poured upon the country. Has the distribution of these things been authorized? and if not, what measures have been taken to suppress it? Those who are really responsible for this offence have escaped punishment through a defect in the penal laws, and as this defect must be cured by fresh legislation, M. DUFAURE wishes to know the opinions of his subordinates as to the form which such fresh legislation ought to take. As the Circular was ultimately printed in the Official Journal, the part relating to the suppression and suspension of newspapers is omitted, and the *procureurs-généraux* are asked, not simply what form the new law about colportage ought to take, but also whether, in their opinion, there is any need for a new law. In themselves these modifications are not important. It may be true that the cognizance of administrative proceedings against newspapers properly belongs to the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, and the change in

the form of the inquiry will not much affect the answers which M. DUBAURE will receive. But that it should have been thought necessary to make these alterations after the original text of the Circular had appeared in an English newspaper, and that the supposed need for such an alteration should at one time have threatened to lead to the suppression of the Circular as regards the unofficial public, are facts of real moment. They show that the Cabinet as a whole is not willing to disown all complicity in the policy and acts of its predecessors. Why do some of the Ministers object to M. DUBAURE's being furnished with the particulars of all the suppressions or suspensions of newspapers which have taken place during the last two years? Only, so far as can be guessed, because they do not wish the arbitrary action of the Duke of BROGLIE's Government and of General DE CISEY's Government to become known to the Liberal section of the Cabinet. Why do some of the Ministers dislike M. DUBAURE's assumption that the organized circulation of portraits of the PRINCE IMPERIAL and other Bonapartist symbols must be put down by law? Only, so far as can be guessed, because they still feel that the Bonapartists are, or may become, nearer to them in spirit than their own Republican colleagues. The future of the Cabinet depends on the part which this section is able to play in influencing its conduct of affairs. If the administration of the country is to be carried on in the old spirit of antagonism to the Republic and of covert sympathy with every form of reaction, taking at times the form of a special leaning towards Bonapartist reaction, it is impossible that either the Ministry or the majority which created it can long hold together. If, on the other hand, these apparent concessions to the anti-Republican section of the Cabinet are only designed to soothe the feelings of particular Ministers, or to prevent Marshal MACMAHON from taking alarm at imaginary dangers to public order, no great harm need come of them. The essential consideration is what line M. BUFFET is taking with his subordinates. If the Circulars that issue from the Ministry of the Interior say in substance what the Circulars that issue from the Ministry of Justice say, M. BUFFET may be allowed to be a little over-conciliatory in his dealings with the more timid spirits in the Cabinet.

How timid it is possible for a French Conservative to be has been shown by the alarm caused by M. GAMBETTA's speech at the funeral of M. EDGAR QUINET. Even the *Times* Correspondent was a sharer in this terror, and wrote as though M. GAMBETTA had bidden farewell to all his newly-found moderation, because he spoke respectfully of civil burial, and said that the Government of the Republic must be in the hands of the Republican majority. Prudent as M. GAMBETTA has lately shown himself, it is hardly reasonable to expect him to talk like an archbishop, or to proclaim that a system under which the Republic is governed by a minority of converted Royalists satisfies his highest political aspirations. What was really remarkable in M. GAMBETTA's speech was his renewed declaration that the success of the Republic depends on the union of all classes of Frenchmen. Under his leadership the Republican party have for the time put aside their hopeless theories of a permanent triumph of the great towns over the country, or of the working class over the middle class. The alliance of the *bourgeoisie* and the *proletariat* which M. GAMBETTA wishes to see inscribed on the Republican banner may prove to have no more connexion with the policy of the party than mottoes on flags usually have with the acts of those who march under them. But it is at all events a better ideal than the triumph of labour over capital, or the proscription of religion, or any other of those mischievous theories which have generally been associated with Continental Republicanism. Those who are discontented with M. GAMBETTA because he did not make M. QUINET's funeral the occasion for a profession of faith in M. BUFFET's Ministry as the best of all possible Governments, forget that it is not the conversion of a single Radical leader to Conservatism that is needed to give a better turn to French politics, but the permanent dissociation of the Radical party from the Red Republicans. If M. GAMBETTA succeeds in educating his followers to his mind, there will be no more connexion between the two than there is between the International and an English Trade Union. If any one thinks that this is but a small result of the moderation he has heard so much praised, it only proves that he has not rightly read the lesson of the Revolution of 1848. It was because the leaders of that Revolu-

tion failed to dissociate the Radical party from the Reds that it created universal distrust and landed the country in the Empire.

RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

THE South-Eastern and London and Chatham Railway Companies have, not unexpectedly, agreed on an alliance, which, as long as it lasts, will be almost equivalent to amalgamation. A similar arrangement between the two Companies has been often contemplated, and seven years ago it was almost completed. A Parliamentary Committee had sanctioned the principle of a union which was also to include the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, on condition that the South-Eastern Company should submit to a reduction of its authorized tariff. At the last moment the South-Eastern Board refused its assent to the terms of union; and since that time the two Kentish Companies have continued their competition, not without a consciousness on both sides that every advantage which was obtained on either part would be chiefly operative in affecting the conditions of an ultimate settlement. In the course of last winter an informal truce was concluded for three years, during which no competitive lines were to be promoted; but the South-Eastern Company immediately began to fill up vacant portions of the district, and on the other side more than one anonymous undertaking was projected, in the hope perhaps that it might be ultimately adopted by the London, Chatham, and Dover Company. It is not yet officially stated that the competing lines have been abandoned, but some or all of them are likely to disappear with the hostile policy which they represented. If the published statements are correct, the two Boards have agreed on the principle of a common purse, which is, in other words, a partnership. There can be little doubt of the unanimous support of their constituents, unless there should be dissatisfaction with the proportion in which the receipts are to be divided. Both Companies will be in a great measure relieved from the duty of providing additional lines to accommodate the district; and they will probably reduce their working expenses by diminishing the speed and number of trains. On their southern frontier only they will be exposed to the competition of the Brighton Company as long as it stands aloof from the combination. If the tripartite partnership of 1868 is revived, and sanctioned by the Legislature, there will be practically only one Railway Company in the South-Eastern counties. It is possible that a share in the local monopoly may at some distant time enable the Chatham Company to pay a dividend on its ordinary stock.

It will not be forgotten that Railway Companies are prohibited from amalgamation without the consent of Parliament. Three or four years ago the union of the two great systems of the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire was announced with some ostentation; yet at the present moment the scheme of amalgamation has been, at least temporarily, abandoned, and even the voluntary partnership which was maintained for a time has been almost necessarily dissolved. There is a wide practical difference between complete amalgamation and the adoption of a common purse, or division of profits in agreed proportions. As long as it is possible that an alliance may be dissolved either by external circumstances or by domestic dissension, both parties to the compact diligently guard not only their independence, but the several resources of which they may avail themselves in the event of a rupture. The South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover have for many years shared between them the Continental traffic; and they have from time to time jointly engaged in negotiations with the French Government and with the Companies on the other side of the Channel; yet neither Board has neglected an opportunity of strengthening its own position or of impairing the power of its competitor to insist on favourable terms in a contingent bargain. It is to avoid the necessity of securing peace by constant preparation for war that Companies which have settled terms of partnership between themselves are generally anxious to render the compact irrevocable by obtaining the approval of Parliament to a complete or partial amalgamation. In some instances clauses for the division of receipts have been smuggled into Acts passed for an ostensibly different purpose. In one case, where provisions for virtual fusion had been inadvertently passed, the contracting Companies were required in a subsequent

Session to repeal the obnoxious clauses, as the condition of obtaining powers which were sought for other purposes. If the alliance of the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover produces satisfactory results, the Companies will almost certainly apply for amalgamation in some future Session. If they can induce the Brighton Company to join them, they will present a plausible case to Parliament. In the meantime the district will enjoy the advantage of potential, though not of actual, competition.

There was much reason for a proposition affirmed by Mr. CARDWELL'S Committee in 1853, that amalgamations of continuous lines should be regarded with favour, and amalgamations of parallel lines with suspicion. The distinction is indeed virtually recognized by law, for the owners of a continuous route may lawfully divide among themselves the proceeds of the through traffic, while the division of receipts of competing lines is, in default of express Parliamentary authority, so far illegal that it may be questioned in a Court of Equity on the application of a shareholder in either Company. It is perfectly evident that the respective owners of different parts of a through route have a common interest in promoting the efficiency of the service, especially if they are at the same time exposed to external competition. Simultaneously with the alliance between the London and North-Western and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, the Midland Company revived a project of amalgamation with the Glasgow and South-Western. The two proposed schemes were typical instances of the different kinds of amalgamation. The Midland competes nowhere with the Glasgow and South-Western, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire competes almost everywhere with the London and North-Western. The House of Commons had in 1867 approved of the Midland scheme, but it was rejected by a majority of the Committee in the House of Lords, on the reasonable ground that the gap of sixty miles between the two systems was still open, inasmuch as the Settle and Carlisle line, which is even now not completed, had then not been commenced. When the London and North-Western and the Midland respectively announced their intentions, the attention of Parliament was called to a policy which seemed likely to end in the division of the entire railway system of Great Britain among a few great Companies. The Bills were accordingly suspended during the Session of 1872, and a Joint Committee of Lords and Commons undertook a laborious inquiry into nearly all questions of railway enterprise and management. After examining the principal managers and other railway experts, the Committee recommended the appointment of the Railway Commission which is now struggling for an extension of its original powers. They also made the feeble suggestion that all amalgamations should in future be submitted to a Joint Committee of both Houses, which should, if possible, have a permanent character. A Joint Committee is in no respect stronger than a Committee of either House, and the effect of the recommendation was to prevent a second trial in cases which were assumed to possess exceptional importance. If amalgamation Bills required extraordinary attention, it was a strange arrangement to substitute a single inquiry for the double ordeal to which ordinary measures are exposed.

As it happened, the inconvenience which might have been apprehended was obviated by the summary rejection of both the great amalgamation Bills. The Joint Committee of 1872 had visibly inclined to amalgamation. The Joint Committee of 1873 threw out both Bills, evidently in accordance with some general theory, after hearing only the arguments and evidence of the promoters. It is impossible to foresee the reception which may await a Bill for the amalgamation of the South-Eastern with the London, Chatham, and Dover. When the measure was discussed in 1868, Parliament was, in fresh recollection of the crisis of two years before, inclined to make every concession which might be desired by Railway Companies. In 1866 the London, Chatham, and Dover had disclosed a condition of utter insolvency, and the Brighton Company had reduced its dividend from 7 per cent. to a trifling amount. In more prosperous times appeals to Parliamentary compassion are likely to be less effective; but the three Companies which occupy the South-East of England would be liable to no railway opposition if they agreed to form a partnership, and the traders and travellers who might be interested in the question would have neither facilities for combination nor resources adequate to a Parliamentary contest. Passengers especially are altogether helpless, inasmuch as none of them have a large

pecuniary interest in the cheapness and efficiency of railways. There are no manufactures in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex, nor is there any commerce at the ports. The towns are for the most part small, and their trade is confined to the importation of coal for household purposes, and of commodities for the supply of the respective districts. The interest of those who use the lines would probably be best consulted by an alliance not amounting to an amalgamation; but if the question is submitted to Parliament, the evidence will be exclusively supplied by the Companies which promote the union.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH WAR.

TWO more volumes have lately been published containing the deposition of witnesses before the French Commission of Inquiry into the origin and history of the war with Germany. That such an inquiry should have been made was natural and proper; and it was perhaps inevitable, considering the composition of the present Assembly and the temper of its majority in 1871, when these depositions were taken, that the members of the Commission should have approached their task with a very distinct set of prejudices and prepossessions. They, or at least many of them, were burning with hatred of the Government of the Fourth of September; they believed that the defence of the country had been made the mask of a Republican intrigue; they were confident that the most reckless mismanagement would be brought home to the insolent GAMBETTA and his accomplices. They were, however, just enough to let witnesses of all parties speak for themselves, and there is scarcely any one whose testimony could have been of any value who does not figure in the four bulky volumes already published. When they got hold of a witness they treated him in a very different way according as they liked him or not. A distinguished General of acceptable political principles was politely thanked for being kind enough to tell what he wished to reveal. A Republican upstart was exposed to a running fire of snorting comments, and was perpetually being asked if he was not aware that something or other was indisputably true, to assume which to be true was to hurt his feelings. But still the witnesses told their stories in their own way, and the result was not what the more violent members of the Commission expected and wished. It is also to be observed that the members of the Commission who made themselves prominent as political partisans were not numerous. The same names are always recurring in connexion with one-sided remarks and questions, and it is not at all certain how far they reflected the opinions or fulfilled the wishes of the political party with whom they were accustomed to act. From some of the questions put, it might be gathered that, in order to injure the reputation of the Government of September, the inquirer was anxious to show that France might have got better terms if the war had not been protracted after the catastrophe of Sedan. But, although this question may have come from a Legitimist, it does not follow that the Legitimists generally at all repent of the part they took in helping their country to continue the war. On the contrary, we find that when M. TESTELIN, who acted in the autumn of 1870 as Prefect, and subsequently as Commissary-General, in one of the Northern departments, was examined, some of the members of the Commission who were connected with that part of the country were anxious to have it established by the mouth of a somewhat hostile witness that the Conservative party in the North placed themselves without hesitation at the disposal of those who were organizing the defence of the country. It may be added that the witnesses seem, as a rule, to have given their evidence fully and fairly. Possibly some of them had almost too good a story to give of what they themselves had done. But when it came to judging of the conduct of others they were, if men of any mark and standing, steadfast in their adherence to what they thought just. Very leading questions, for example, were put to General BOURBAKI and General FAIDHERBE as to the conduct of M. GAMBETTA; but they answered with a quiet accuracy which must have had a damping effect on the ardour of their questioners.

The publication of these two volumes has been long delayed; and if any explanation of the delay is needed beyond that which official procrastination suggests, it is perhaps to be found in the evidence of M. DE CHAUDORDY. Having already given evidence as to the negotiations

between France and other Powers subsequently to the installation of the September Government, he was invited to attend again to state what he knew as to such negotiations as had belonged to the period of the Empire. He had a long story to tell as to the HOHENZOLLERN candidature, the interview between the KING and M. BENEDETTI at Ems, and the engagements of Austria and Italy to help France. Now these revelations can do no harm, but two years ago it might have been indiscreet to publish them. The general result is that immediately after the grand time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, when the KING of PRUSSIA was invited to come to the capital of civilization and fraternize with his brother sovereign, the Emperor NAPOLEON went to Salzburg, and there met the Emperor of AUSTRIA. Both agreed that war with Prussia was inevitable, and in a general way they agreed that, when it did come, they would act in concert. No more special agreement was framed, and Austria was constant in her advice to France to hold back as long as possible. Austria was not ready for war, and could not be unless time was given her. It is very probable that Prince BISMARCK knew what was going on, and preferred that, if war was to come, it should come quickly. But nothing in M. DE CHAUDORDY's revelations is calculated to dispel the impression that the Emperor NAPOLEON not only embarked on war very rashly, but that he embarked on it without any pretext at all sufficient to warrant a recourse to arms. The HOHENZOLLERN candidature was formally withdrawn in deference to the wishes of France, and there the matter ought to have ended. And so, according to M. DE CHAUDORDY, it would have ended, had not Prince BISMARCK inserted a paragraph in a German newspaper giving a wrong account of the interview at Ems. It might or might not have been worth while for the French Government to notice a newspaper paragraph, and have corrected it in its own way and time, but to go to war about it was simply to show that war was determined on anyhow. After war was declared France applied to Austria and Italy to come under some positive promise of assistance, and, according to M. DE CHAUDORDY, Austria and Italy entered into a treaty binding themselves to take the side of France if the French sustained no defeat before the 15th of September. As events turned out, no engagement could have been safer. As to what happened later on—the pressure exercised by Russia on Austria, the inability of the King of ITALY to induce his Cabinet to encounter the danger of giving active help to France, the efforts of England to secure an armistice on terms favourable to France, and the isolation in which England found herself owing to Russia being willing to do exactly what Prussia pleased if she got her own way as to the Black Sea—M. DE CHAUDORDY, though he told his story well, had nothing very new to tell. The only point of importance on which he dwelt with much effect was the possibility of France having made better terms than she ultimately did, if she had been represented at the London Conference, and had then announced a wish for peace.

This point deserves some consideration. There was no moment after Sedan, in the opinion of M. DE CHAUDORDY, in which the loss of Metz and Strasburg could have been averted. Covered by Russia from attacks in the rear, Prussia was perfectly determined to have these two great fortresses, and would have had them anyhow. All beyond was a question of money, and Prussia would have asked for less money the earlier peace had been made. The indemnity might have been trifling if peace had been made in September; it might have been much less than it was if peace had been made in the beginning of December. That France should have made peace immediately after Sedan, and surrendered Metz and Strasburg; that Paris should have shown itself afraid of a siege; and that the campaign of the Loire should not have been fought, are ideas which almost every Frenchman would repudiate with scorn, as M. DE CHAUDORDY repudiated them. But after the honour of the country had been saved, after Paris had made its great sorties on the side of the Marne, after the Bavarians had been made to feel how even raw levies of Frenchmen could fight, peace might have been concluded honourably, and then not only would France have had to pay less, but the dreadful disasters that marked the close of the war, and especially the fatal march of BOURBAKI to the East, might have been averted. Theoretically this seems quite true. No doubt if M. JULES FAVRE had gone to London and there stated that France was willing to give up Strasburg and Metz and to pay a moderate sum of money, and had appealed to the neutral Powers to interpose their

good offices, so that the sum demanded should not be excessive, Prussia would have been willing, and in a sense compelled, to take much less than two hundred millions, and no one could have said that France succumbed without having shown an amount of courage and spirit that did much to retrieve the disgrace of Sedan. But how was this practically possible? If M. JULES FAVRE had gone to London and proposed such a peace, Paris would have disowned him, and M. GAMBETTA would have disowned him. It may be true that both Paris and M. GAMBETTA would have been wiser to acquiesce in making peace in December; but it is indisputable that, if this was wisdom, neither Paris nor M. GAMBETTA possessed it. The plain fact is, that the only agencies which would have enabled France to fight at all after Sedan were agencies which necessarily made her fight after fighting was, in the eyes of prudent people, utterly useless. Outside Paris M. GAMBETTA was the soul of the defence. He made thousands of mistakes, but it was he who pushed every one forward. The Commission of Inquiry on one occasion started the interesting question, What, in the opinion of those who blamed M. GAMBETTA, would have been preferable to his fervid rule? The only suggestion that was made was highly instructive. It was that the conduct of the war ought to have been confided to a Council of Generals. If history is good for anything, it is good to teach that a Council of Generals means inevitable paralysis. That a Council of War never fights is a faith as old and as firmly fixed as the hills. The warmest admirers of M. GAMBETTA may possibly agree that, if General CHANZY had from the outset been invested with the sole control of all operations outside Paris, the military successes of the French would have been much greater than they were. But this is only an afterthought. General CHANZY had not at the outset the position or the reputation which would have warranted his being put above all his colleagues. It was M. GAMBETTA or nobody; and after the evidence of Generals FAIDHERBE and BOURBAKI, it is impossible to believe that the military commanders who were up to their work found much to complain of in the treatment they received from the improvised Dictator. Paris, again, could never have been got to do what it did unless it had been allowed to act for itself, and had been inspired with an overweening belief in its resources and its heroism. Both Paris and M. GAMBETTA had the defects of their qualities. They did many rash and foolish things, and sent thousands of human beings to certain death on mad expeditions. But it was Paris and M. GAMBETTA that did that of which Frenchmen are justly proud, and if France has had to pay for their mistakes, it is also indebted to them for the greatness of the effort made to retrieve the honour of the country.

AN AMATEUR WATER SUPPLY BILL.

WATER and gas are favourite subjects for the speculations of ill-informed theorists, and the large capital invested in both kinds of undertakings exercises a strong attraction on predatory projectors. During the present year the Metropolitan Board of Works has wasted many thousands of pounds on the preparation of Bills for the compulsory purchase of the property of the Gas Companies, with no intelligible object except to frighten the shareholders into a surrender of their property for an inadequate price. Having been disappointed in their hope of intimidation, the Board of Works coolly dropped their Bills for compulsory purchase and for the establishment of competitive sources of supply; but they still hope to depreciate the value of the shares by a third Bill for imposing new conditions on the Companies although they have conformed to the existing law. Sir JAMES HOGG lately stated in the House of Commons that he still proposed to ask powers from Parliament for the regulation and the purchase of the undertakings of the Gas Companies. In other words, the Board of Works still threaten to prosecute in a future Session the measures which they recently abandoned as hopeless; and in the meantime Parliament is asked to lower the value of the property which is hereafter to be the subject of compulsory purchase. The acquisition by the Board of the less profitable right of supplying water is for the present deferred; and the ground which has been left vacant by the Board of Works is already occupied by unauthorized volunteers. The Metropolis Water Supply and Fire Prevention Bill, introduced by Colonel BERESFORD, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL,

Mr. FORSTH, and Mr. RITCHIE, is the silliest project of legislation which has yet been devised even in relation to the tempting subject of water. The title is inapplicable to the provisions of the Bill, and the recitals of the preamble are not justified by corresponding clauses. It is hardly probable that Colonel BERESFORD and his associates will seriously ask the House of Commons to consider their childish proposal; nor is it easy to understand how three or four respectable members can have lent their names to a useless and absurd project. In the second paragraph of the preamble the promoters allege that "larger powers" and greater freedom of action may be properly entrusted "and allowed to a public Commission than to Companies carrying on undertakings for their own benefit." It has not hitherto been thought desirable to entrust large and indefinite powers to Boards and Commissions nominated by the Government of the day. The Crown or the Minister is to regulate by Order in Council the constitution of the Commission, the remuneration of its members, and all other matters of the same kind. To this anomalous body is to be transferred the whole property of the Metropolitan Water Companies, on terms specified in the Bill.

The description of the measure as a "Bill for making more effectual provision for a constant supply of water, and for the protection of life and property against fire in the metropolis," has already misled hasty and credulous critics. The Commission will neither provide additional facilities for obtaining a constant supply of water, nor will it directly or indirectly increase the existing protection for life and property. It was stated in an article in the *Times* that the Commission is to have power to provide at its own cost the domestic fittings which are necessary for constant supply. It may perhaps have seemed probable that the Bill should contain enactments in some degree corresponding to the sonorous recitals of the preamble; but, on the other hand, the commentator might have remembered that not even the authors of the Metropolis Water Bill would have asked Parliament to confer on a paid Commission an unlimited power of taxing the consumers for the benefit of a portion of their number. There is, in fact, no provision whatever for the supply of domestic fittings beyond the enactments of the existing law. The writer in the *Times*, being little familiar with the subject, was perhaps misled by a provision that the Commission is authorized "to put the works into a condition for maintenance of constant supply at high pressure." Inquiry from competent interpreters would have satisfied him that works are not fittings, but that they are the machinery by which water is supplied. The mistake is more excusable than the assumption made by the framers of the Bill that their Commission would need any powers of the kind. The Companies are by the Water Act of 1871 not only authorized, but compelled, to adapt their works to the maintenance of constant pressure; and some of the Companies have already introduced constant service in the greater part of their respective districts. The delay in the universal adoption of constant supply is exclusively caused by the difficulty of inducing owners and occupiers of houses to provide the necessary fittings. The Commissioners would have no additional means of overcoming their repugnance or indolence; and the authors of the Bill have not thought proper to introduce into the body of the measure the "larger powers and greater freedom of action" which they claim in the preamble for their Commission as contrasted with private Companies. No clause in the Bill confers any additional facilities for "securing a constant supply of water to all classes of houses." The Commission is empowered to fix hydrants for security against fire; but the duty of providing hydrants is at present imposed on the local authorities, who can, after discharging their own duty, compel the Companies to provide them with a constant supply of water. The insufficient provision of water for the extinction of fire is exclusively due to the negligence of the Metropolitan Board of Works. It is certain that Parliament will never transfer from elected bodies to an irresponsible Commission the duty and the right of providing securities against fire.

The first in order of the powers to be conferred on the Commission is, in the slipshod language of the Bill, "to combine, as far as physical conditions admit, the sources of supply and works of the several Companies." According to the *Times*, the Commission is to have special powers to extend and improve the present supply; but, as in the case of domestic fittings, the writer has imagined enactments which are not to be found in the Bill. It

would be interesting to ascertain whether the promoters have had the curiosity to make themselves acquainted with the present sources of the metropolitan water supply. On inquiry they will learn that one half of the metropolis, omitting the district of the Kent Company in the south-east, is supplied from the Lea and the New River, both issuing from the chalk hills in Hertfordshire; and that the western part of London receives its water from nearly the same reaches of the Thames immediately above Teddington. If the provisions of the Bill have any practical meaning, the Commission will be authorized to turn the Lea and the New River into the Thames; for the converse operation would scarcely occur even to an idle legislative projector. Physical conditions would perhaps be more favourable to the union of the natural flow of the Lea with the waters of the artificial channel of the New River; but the youngest student in an engineer's office could inform the promoters that any experiment of the kind would be an absurd and useless waste of money. The combination of the sources of supply and of the works of the Companies which take water from the Thames would be not less purposeless, even if it were practicable. The sources of supply are already so far combined that they are almost identical; and the pumping machinery and distributive apparatus are adapted to the demands of each district, and must be maintained in their present condition even if the ownership were transferred to a public body or if the Companies were already connected. The ignorance and carelessness of amateur legislators are not merely negative faults.

It must be supposed, in default of any other explanation, that the projected combination of sources of supply is contemplated in the whimsical language of the preamble. No other clause in the Bill seems to "tend to economy, and the consequent provision of funds by means whereof the poorer class of houses may be supplied with fittings for receiving a constant supply." Even if the union of the Lea and the New River were effected, and if money were saved by the costly and unprofitable operation, there is no clause in the Bill which would authorize the Commissioners to apply the proceeds to the supply of fittings for the poorer class of houses. The promoters probably contemplated some arrangement of the kind when they framed the preamble; but counsellors wiser than themselves have apparently convinced them that Parliament would not allow a Commission to tax the mass of consumers for the benefit, not of the poor, but of the possibly wealthy owners of houses with poor occupiers. Although it is hardly worth while to examine in further detail the provisions of a scheme which is only not injurious because it is destined to be abortive, a certain interest attaches to the provision which is made for compensation to the shareholders of Water Companies. The promoters propose to buy the property by compulsion on the basis of the average revenue for five years, without inquiring into the financial prospects or proprietary rights of which the Companies are to be summarily dispossessed. Any Company which might have received for five years its maximum dividend would probably be compensated in full; but it might well happen that another Company, having expended a large capital in the hope of future profit, would lose half its property under the provisions of the Bill. The House of Commons will be culpably careless if it fails to reject the Metropolis Water Bill on the second reading. It would be extremely unfair to compel the Companies to waste their money, in which the consumers have a contingent interest, in resisting a measure which is too ridiculous to pass.

THE NEW EDUCATION CODE.

THE new Education Code, even with the modifications which, in deference to the complaints of school managers, Lord SANDON has consented to make in it, is a genuine improvement on the old one. The essential articles in such a code are those which relate to the terms on which grants may be earned; and in this respect there is a decided advance in the requirements of the Education Department. Until now the ordinary grant made for each child depended on his passing an examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the sum of 4s. being paid for a pass in each subject. Two improvements have been made in this article. No grant will eventually be paid for any scholar who passes in only one of these three subjects,

and even when a child has passed in all three, he will only earn 9s., instead of 12s. The public money will no longer be wasted on giving children such a smattering of instruction as can be comprised in one of the three R's, when unaccompanied by either of the other two. If school managers wish to get their full grant out of the Government, they must contrive to teach something more than the bare rudiments. Appended to each of the standards after the first there appear certain paragraphs in italics, which set out what must be done to earn a grant of 4s. per scholar, according to the average number of children above seven years of age in attendance throughout the year. This grant is earned by classes, not by individual scholars—that is to say, the 4s. per head will be paid if one-half of the children examined pass a creditable examination in these additional subjects. This change has obviously been made to meet the objection so often urged against the Revised Code, that under it the teacher had no inducement to teach the children anything except what was absolutely necessary to enable them to pass in their respective standards. It was generally admitted that the Revised Code had answered the purpose for which it was originally framed, inasmuch as a larger number of children did learn to read, write, and cipher, in a rudimentary sort of way. But then it was said, and said with reason, that in order to ensure good teaching there must be a motive given to the teacher to carry some at least of the children beyond this stage. Such a motive is supplied by this new provision. The teacher will still have to give his best attention to securing the largest possible number of passes, for without these the 9s. per scholar which will continue to make the bulk of the grant will not be gained; but if he brings half the children in the school to the point of passing a creditable examination in something more than reading, writing, and arithmetic, he will secure an additional 4s., calculated, not on the number that pass, but on the number that attend.

In future, therefore, it may be assumed that a fair proportion of every teacher's time and care will be given to bringing his classes on in grammar, history, and geography. In grammar the proficiency demanded will vary, according to the standard, from ability to point out the nouns in a passage read to a fair acquaintance with parsing and analysis of sentences. In geography it begins with the points of the compass and ends with the geography of Asia, Africa, and America. History, which is only studied in the two highest standards, stands for the history of England, which is taken from the Norman Conquest to the accession of HENRY VII. in the Fifth Standard, and thence to the death of GEORGE III. in the Sixth Standard. Exceptions may be made to the arrangement of both these latter subjects. As regards geography, it seems somewhat of an anti-climax to take the more advanced scholar through the less interesting, and, except from the point of view of an emigrant, less important, geography of Asia and Africa, after he has gone through the geography of Europe in the previous standard. It would be better if the distinction between the earlier and the more advanced class consisted in the greater amount of detail taught to the latter. Even without going beyond the limits of Great Britain, there would be ample room to teach an amount of industrial and commercial geography which might be often of use to boys in later life, and any journeys beyond this boundary might take the direction of countries with which we have business relations. As regards history again, considering that the great majority of children leave school without going beyond the Fifth Standard, it seems undesirable to leave them without some means of bridging over the interval that divides RICHARD III. from QUEEN VICTORIA. If the whole history of England were taught in outline in the Fifth Standard, this outline might be filled in by a more detailed account of certain prominent periods or events in the Sixth Standard. In that case it might not be considered necessary to begin the history at the Norman Conquest. The children's previous study of grammar will have taught them that invade being a transitive verb the sense passes on to an objective case following. How can a child supply the objective case in the sentence "WILLIAM the Norman invaded," if the Norman invasion is the first event in English history of which he is allowed to have any knowledge?

Much dissatisfaction was expressed by school managers at the restriction which, as the new code was first published, reduced this grant of 4s. per scholar by one-half

unless 40 per cent. of the scholars examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic were presented in Standard IV. and upwards. It was said, even by Mr. FORSTER, that the effect of this provision would really be to reduce the grant to 2s. in the great majority of cases, inasmuch as it was useless to expect that 40 per cent. of the children examined would have reached the point represented by the Fourth Standard except in a few unusually good schools. It is to be regretted that Lord SANDON should have thought himself obliged to yield to these remonstrances. It may be true that 60 or 80 per cent. of the children examined are presented in the Third or some lower Standard, but, if it is true, it must be confessed that a large part of the Parliamentary grant is little better than wasted. It is of no avail to preach this to school managers unless the sermon is driven home by the sanction to which they are naturally most alive, the loss of their share in the grant. We do not mean that the teachers and managers of elementary schools are not honourably anxious to get their scholars on. They do not think, any more than we do, that a state of things under which not 40 per cent. of the children presented to the Inspectors can read with intelligence a few lines of poetry, say fifty lines of poetry by heart, write eight lines slowly dictated, and work sums in common weights and measures, is in any respects satisfactory. But they plead that it is not their fault, and that it is not just to punish them for the sins of the children in not profiting better by the time spent at school, or of their parents in not sending them to school more regularly. The answer to this plea is that, if it were not admitted, the state of things in question would somehow be changed. The more that is demanded of school managers, the more they contrive to give. Nine times out of ten the difference between a good school and a bad one is simply due to the greater or less energy and diligence of the respective teachers; and the more pressure that is put upon managers in the way of increased requirements, the greater will be the inducement to choose a thoroughly good teacher. If the provision had remained unaltered, there might have been cases of individual hardship, but the number of children presented under Standard IV. and upwards would have greatly increased. There is another reason for maintaining the original form of the article in the fact that, for the first time since the introduction of the Revised Code, the State is to pay money without insisting on the production of individual results. The 4s. per scholar is given not for each child who passes the examination creditably, but for each child in attendance, provided that the classes pass the examination creditably. It will be more attractive work to teach children history and geography than to teach them reading and writing, and it would have been well that a teacher should have been constantly reminded that the latter is his main business by the knowledge that, if he neglected it, he would not gain even the full grant for the additional subjects. Lord SANDON has consented to reduce from 40 to 30 the percentage of children who must pass the examination in the rudiments in order to qualify their class for earning the extra grant, and even this reduced number will not be demanded till 1878. He has also postponed till the same date the introduction of the requirement that every scholar in order to claim a grant must pass in at least two subjects out of the three prescribed by the standards. The general objection to all delays of this kind is that the persons affected by the postponed provision are rarely any better prepared to meet it on the more distant day. It is the knowledge that they have to come up to a certain standard at once, and not by and by, that drives them into effective action. We have very little belief that three years hence the number of schools in which children are only able to pass in reading, or in which not 30 per cent. of the children examined are presented in Standard IV. and upwards, will be materially lessened. At least, if it is so, the change will be due to other improving influences which have been at work. Still, notwithstanding the changes in the wrong direction which have been introduced into it since it was laid on the table, the new Code does, as has been said, mark a real advance in elementary education. Even though nothing should be done for some Sessions to come in the direction of compelling all children to attend school, we shall be brought nearer to this result by every real gain in the quality of the education given. One great cause of the indifference of parents to the education of their children is the absence of any appreciable improvement in the instructed as compared with the uninstructed child. In so

far as the new Code differs from its predecessors, it will tend to diffuse education by making it better worth the having.

THE ORTON MANIA.

THE curious state of anarchy to which the Royal Parks have at last been reduced by the pusillanimous trifling of successive Administrations was strikingly illustrated on Easter Monday. On that day Hyde Park was occupied by a vast mob which had assembled, as is supposed, to express sympathy with the impostor ORTON, and, as a natural consequence, all quiet respectable people were on an important holiday debarred from the safe and peaceful enjoyment of a favourite place of recreation. It might be supposed that a public Park was a place where all sorts of people were entitled to enjoy themselves in common, and that any kind of sport or other exercise which interfered with the general convenience would be strictly prohibited. It appears, however, that this is a delusion, and that public rights must give way whenever any rowdy agitator chooses to summon his followers to meet him at the Reformers' Tree, whose torn and shattered remains present a ghastly emblem of the destructive habits of the class with which it is identified. On this occasion the mob was, for a mob, not particularly disorderly. There was of course plenty of the usual horse-play, wild rushes were made through the thickest of the crowd by gangs of roughs, hats knocked off, pockets picked, women and children frightened and bruised; but happily no exceptional brutalities are recorded, and nobody seems to have been actually killed. It was so far fortunate that most of the people who had come together were pretty much of one mind; so that, though here and there an excited person was heard vowing vengeance on any one who ventured to doubt the identity of the Claimant with ROGER TICHBORNE, there was apparently no one who cared to be demonstrative on the other side. It may be supposed that those who are in favour of leaving disputed questions to be settled by judicial arbitration would hardly think it necessary to uphold their opinion by going to Hyde Park and offering to fight anybody who did not happen to agree with them. Although, however, on this particular day there was from the peculiar nature of the case only one party on the ground, it is easy to conceive that other questions may be similarly brought up for discussion, on which different parties may entertain and desire to express different opinions; and there will then be some likelihood of the controversy assuming an animated character. It is difficult to ascertain the precise rules by which the police are guided in regard to such matters, but, judging from their complete absence from Hyde Park on Monday, it may perhaps be inferred that they would think it the best course to leave the contending factions to take care of each other. Whatever may be said in favour of this policy, it is evident that it is a departure from the ordinary system of police supervision, and rather leaves out of account that large and not unimportant part of the population which has a right to make use of a public Park in a natural way, and does not desire to be mixed up with any agitation. The promoters of the meeting appear to have taken no precautions whatever for the maintenance of order or the safety of the people. The mob was simply left to itself, to push and squeeze and sway to and fro in all directions. And, as it happened, no harm was done. But those who know anything of the nature of such a body, and the slight accidents which may suddenly change its temper and lead to the most frightful results, will understand the elements of danger which were thus collected. A casual fight in the heart of the throng, or a touch of panic, might at any moment have spread through the dense mass and produced a fatal confusion. When the Park was invaded in 1866, there was probably no deliberate intention to commit any outrage, but the accidental giving way of a weak part of the railings precipitated a disgraceful and dangerous riot.

It is impossible to conceive anything more consistent and complete in its utter folly than such a meeting as that of Monday. Resolutions which nobody could hear were declared to be passed as the result of speeches which were equally inaudible. The spectacle of a tribunal of this kind exercising an appellate jurisdiction over the courts of criminal justice conveys in itself a sufficient warning. It can readily be imagined that there would be few scoundrels left in gaol if their cases could be submitted to a friendly mob which would be exclusively advised by the prisoner's friends and

counsel without reference to the evidence on the other side. It would perhaps be idle to speculate as to how many in the crowd were actuated by mere curiosity to see Dr. KENEALY shake the dew-drops from his mane, and how many came to attest a genuine sympathy for Dr. KENEALY's client. There can be no doubt, however, of the fact that not only in London, but in other towns, there is a considerable number of people who still apparently hold to the belief that the Claimant is really ROGER, and that he has fallen a victim to a wicked conspiracy in which the Judges who tried him took a prominent part. There is of course no reason to suppose that this opinion is held in a clear, distinct, and coherent form, and indeed the sort of people who hold it are evidently quite incapable of anything in the nature of sober and logical reflection. They have only caught up a vague, general impression that in some way or other there has not been fair play, and the indulgence of this suspicion is encouraged by certain vulgar traditional antipathies. There can be no doubt that a large share of the interest in ORTON may be traced to his close personal affinities to a low class of the population. A distinction must of course be drawn between those who are simply not satisfied that ORTON's imposture has been fully proved and those who profess to believe that his conviction was obtained by corrupt influences. Cases will happen from time to time in which there is a difference of opinion as to the soundness of a verdict; but people who can believe that, not one, but two sets of Judges and two separate juries, would deliberately set themselves to crush an innocent man, are capable of believing anything. It is possible, indeed, that this part of the agitation has been taken up as a mere flourish without an adequate appreciation of its very grave meaning. It would of course be perfectly useless to attempt to argue with the people who have adopted, or, to speak more properly, have been taken possession of by, these ideas, nor is there any method of compulsory education that can be resorted to. However melancholy and deplorable may be the discovery that, in the midst of a nation which prides itself upon its intellectual progress, there is such a large proportion of "fools and fanatics," not exclusively of the lowest grade, there is nothing for it but to accept the fact with appropriate humiliation, and trust to the next generation being a little less benighted. What to do with the fools of a community has always been one of the difficulties of wise men. There is in every society a certain proportion of crass and hopeless stupidity, which it is never safe to leave out of account, and the vagaries of which can never exactly be foreseen. There is a well-known story of a great lawyer who used always to keep his eye on the most idiotic-looking face in the jury box, as a test of the progress he was making; and it is perhaps just as well that such an exhibition as that which has been presented by the ORTON agitation should supply a useful warning of the sort of forces with which a Government has from time to time to contend. Political cant, as well as wisdom, is justified of its children, and it is impossible not to connect the melancholy spectacle of Monday with those other "demonstrations" a few years ago on the same spot, when it was declared that the country could be saved only by handing it over to the instinctive wisdom and innate morality of the working-man. It would complete the picture if we could imagine Dr. KENEALY gaining judicial distinction in the wake of Mr. BEALES, and by the same methods.

As far as this agitation is confined to expressions of sympathy with ORTON, and petitions to Parliament for a new trial, there is no reason for interfering with it in any way. A big meeting in Hyde Park must necessarily be a great nuisance; but if meetings are to be held there at all, they must be allowed a free range of discussion. The question raised by the petitions will no doubt in due time come before Parliament, and in the meanwhile those who take this side have a perfect right to make known their peculiar views. There is, however, one branch of the agitation which cannot altogether be ignored, and which may possibly produce some embarrassment, and that is the slander and vilification of public and private characters which is systematically carried on not only in Dr. KENEALY's paper, but apparently also in the speeches which are delivered at some of his meetings. There is a very natural desire not to give an artificial importance to such ravings by making them the subject of serious proceedings, and the contemptuous amusement with which Dr. KENEALY's fulminations are generally regarded might perhaps be cited

as a proof of their harmlessness. At the same time public decency cannot be continuously outraged without producing demoralizing results; and it may possibly become a question how far any set of men should be permitted to indulge in a strain of personal abuse and malignant denunciation which is happily foreign to the tastes and instincts of ordinary Englishmen.

TRANSLATIONS.

IT was, we think, Dryden, it certainly was some famous poet who was also a translator of other poets, who answered some criticism from an episcopal mouth with the saying that "everything suffered by translation, except a Bishop." The poet most likely referred to the translation of living Bishops only, and not to those translations after death by which many Bishops, Kings, virgins, saints and martyrs of various kinds, themselves gained greatly in honour, and those whom we may call their keepers gained greatly in worldly wealth. But we wish now to speak of that class of translations of which the poet himself was a maker, not of that class to which the Bishop probably looked forward in this life, nor of that other class with which some of his predecessors may have been honoured after death. One might however ask how the word "translation" came to be applied to the literary process which bears the name, and whether its use is connected by any kind of strange metaphor with either of the other kinds of translation. It is certain that, as early as Chapman's Homer, the verb to translate was applied to the work which Chapman did to Homer, for his title-page announced that the "Iliads of Homer" had been "never before in any language truly translated." Yet, long after Chapman's day, such plainer forms as "Englished," "made English," "done into English," were more usual, just as in German there is the good verb *vertutschen*. Moreover, neither in Latin nor French is the process of "doing into" either of those languages expressed by the word "translation." Nor must we forget that Shakespeare applies the word "translated" to a process not exactly applicable to either Bishops or poets. However, by some means the word translation has come to be the received name for the process of "doing into English," and as translations of dead Bishops have gone quite out of use, and those of living ones, as Dr. Proudie says, occur less frequently than formerly, it has even become the most familiar meaning in the world.

Translations of books from one language into another fall into several classes. There are translations which are helps to the original, and translations which are substitutes for the original. Both of these imply that those who make use of them have no knowledge, or only an imperfect knowledge, of the original language, or at all events that they prefer the easier process of reading the author's matter in their own language. To one or other of these classes belongs the great mass of prose translations at all times. But there is a third class of translation which is meant neither as a help nor as a substitute, which does not appeal to those who are ignorant of the original, but to those whose knowledge of the original is of the minutest kind. These translations may doubtless be read by others, but they can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who have no kind of need of them as helps or as substitutes. In fact, while the other classes are what may be called business translations, this third class are rather elegant literary exercises, which the author takes a pleasure in writing, and which, if they are well done, those who know the original take a pleasure in reading. In fact, if a man is a special votary of some ancient poet, if he has enrolled himself as his man, it has almost become part of his service to his lord to do his lord into English. Homer and Dante would hardly acknowledge as part of their following—they would hardly honour with the name of *εἰσιπαιεῖται*—those professed votaries who have not done suit and service by clothing at least some fragment of the master in an English dress. Men translate Latin or Greek poets into English as they translate English verses into Latin or Greek, as a literary and scholar-like exercise, as a specimen of some theory of translation, not wholly or mainly to bring the matter of the author within the reach of those who are ignorant of his language. As a rule, poetical translations are the work of scholars rather than of poets. In several cases the translation has brought to light real poetic power in the translator. But modern translations, as a rule, are not the work of men who were already famous as poets. Sometimes the translator's only claim to reputation is his translation. Sometimes he is already well known in some other line, as scholar or statesman or man of science; but as a poet very seldom. We have specimens and fragments of Homeric translation from some of our acknowledged poets; but the complete translations of Iliad and Odyssey come from men whose translations are their chief or only ground for poetical fame. It was not so in earlier times. In the days of Dryden and Pope it seemed to be thought essential to the reputation of a modern poet that he should be the translator of some ancient poet. And he wrote, not as an exercise, but as a matter of business; he wrote far more for those who did not understand the original than for those who did. From a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty years back the number of readers who did not understand Latin or Greek, but who wished to know the matter—and in the case of the poets, we may suppose also to know something of the manner—of Greek and Latin writers, must have been far greater than it is

now. One reason doubtless was that there were not nearly so many books in English and other modern languages as there are now; but we suspect that another reason is that reading was then more of a serious business than it is now. No doubt far more people read now, but those who then read at all read with a more distinct purpose of learning something from what they read.

Prose translations naturally fall into the two classes of helps and substitutes. There seems to be in the case of prose no room for translations answering to the class of poetical translations of which we have just been speaking, those which are chiefly meant for readers who are familiar with the original, and which cannot be fully appreciated by those who are not. Perhaps an exception might be made in favour of Herodotus. One would really enjoy a version of Herodotus in the style of Sir John Mandeville, but then such a translation would be fully appreciated only by those who were familiar at once with the Greek of Herodotus and the English of Mandeville. We are not sure however that this is the kind of translation which would best go down with those who, because Herodotus undoubtedly speaks of Babylon, and perhaps speaks of Jerusalem, think that he is, like an Assyrian inscription, good for their soul's health. At all events this is not the type of translation with which Professor and Canon Rawlinson has provided them. Setting aside this view of him, Herodotus, if not a poet in prose, at least belongs to that early state of prose which has a strictly linguistic as well as a literary value. Neither Herodotus nor Mandeville meant to be quaint, but to us both of them are so. But surely no one ever translated Thucydides with any other view than as a grave matter of business. Setting aside idle undergraduates, who get up their books by a crib, we cannot fancy any one reading a translation of Thucydides except with the honest purpose of getting up the matter of Thucydides. A man wants to know the facts of the history; more than this, he wishes to know how a contemporary writer reports those facts, and not to be wholly at the mercy of even the best modern expounder. But either he does not know Greek at all, or he does not know Greek enough to master so difficult a writer; or he may wish to save the little additional expenditure of time and trouble which most people find in reading anything in a foreign language. This last cause will not often apply to readers who have received what is called a classical education in the case of strictly classical writers; but it is certain that many who know Greek and Latin very well would prefer a translation of a work written in mediæval Latin or Byzantine Greek. And of course, in the case both of ancient and modern languages, there will always be readers who, for one cause or another, will wish to get up the matter of a book the language of which they do not understand at all, or understand so little that the reading of it is a toil. Some German writers, for instance, write in so involved a way that a reader by no means ignorant of the language may think it worth his while to save time and trouble by using a trustworthy translation. There are German writers who can be read with perfect ease, and in their case every one who knows the language will prefer the original. There are others whose style is so confused that the matter is well nigh forgotten in the sheer difficulty of groping through the author's sentences. From all these causes, there must always be a demand for translations which are meant to act strictly as substitutes for the originals. It would be interesting if some statistics could be had as to the number and class of readers by whom translations of different kinds are made use of. One may suspect that translations of Greek and Latin writers, especially of those who lie a little out of the school and college range, are much less read now than they were in some past generations. But the translations of works on special subjects in modern languages are surely much more read than they used to be. But guesses of this kind must largely be guesses. One thing however is certain, that a man who undertakes any very wide range of study of any kind will ever and anon have to make use of translations, because he will ever and anon have to read or refer to books in languages which he is not likely to understand. The Western scholar is constantly led to touch on Eastern matters, but he seldom understands Eastern languages. He is therefore, like Gibbon, thankful to those who have turned Arabic and Persian writings into Latin, English, or French.

But there is a third kind of translation which is neither a literary or poetical exercise nor a substitute for the original, but in the strictest sense a help to the original. A man wishes to use an original authority; he knows something of the language of his authority, but not enough to understand it freely without help. A translation will often give him the help he needs; with the original and the translation side by side, he understands the original, which otherwise he would not. He does, in short, the same thing as the boy who gets up his Latin lesson from a crib; the only difference is in the object. He does not make his translation a substitute for the original, but he really understands the original by the help of the translation. For many purposes this kind of knowledge of an original is quite enough. The accomplished philologist would, for his own purpose, rightly scorn it. But it is often enough when a man wishes to know the matter of the original, and also to know something about its language. A man who knows modern English, modern German, modern French, may in this way use older forms of those languages which he could hardly master without such help. He really uses the original, but he uses it by the help of the translation. And he may also learn so much of the language of the original as may be enough for historical, though not for philological, purposes. This use of transla-

tions is recognized in a curious way in the Chronicles and Memorials published by the Master of the Rolls. When the text is in Latin, no translation is added; it is assumed that everybody understands Latin. But when the text is in English or French, a translation is added. It is assumed that the earlier forms of those languages will not be equally well known. But, as we believe we have said in reviewing some of the volumes, to make the thing useful as a lesson in language, the translation of the old French should be, not in English, but in modern French. In fact, it is now assumed that men are with regard to the older forms of the existing European languages in the same state in which it was once assumed that they would be with regard to Greek. For a long time after the revival of classical learning a Greek text was commonly printed with the Latin translation. Such a fashion surely implied that the reader would have some knowledge of Greek, but so much more knowledge of Latin that he would understand his Greek by the help of his Latin.

Lastly, there is a vulgar error on the subject of translation which a new Sir Thomas Browne is greatly needed to root out. Most people seem to think that anybody can make a translation, as they seem to think that anybody can make an index. Now it happens that to make a translation and to make an index are two of the hardest things that any man can be set to do. They are commonly badly done, because the only people who can do them well will not stoop to do them. A translator must have a thorough knowledge both of the language out of which he translates and of that into which he translates, and he must also have no small knowledge of the subject of the book. We do not say that he need know so much about it as the author of the book; but he must know enough to be able to understand and appreciate all that the author says. He must be at about the same point at which the author was before he began the special research needed for writing the book. On the other hand, it is possible that he may know too much of one of the languages with which he has to deal; at least it is possible that he may be translating from A into B when he is better fitted to translate from B into A. Translations from foreign languages into English have been known to fail, because the translator was really more at home with the foreign language than with his own. And a translator really must translate; he must keep the technical language of his author, and his author's age. Thus an English reader of Sale's Koran finds the famous chapter about the victories of Heraclius headed "The Greeks." He is surprised to find people spoken of as Greeks whom he would have expected to find called Romans. He looks in a note, and he finds "The original word is *al Rum*, by which the later Greeks, or subjects of the Constantinopolitan Empire, are here meant; though the Arabs give the same name also to the Romans and other Europeans." But for the note, the English reader might go away with an utterly wrong impression as to Mahomet's way of speaking. So when "*Franci et Angli*" are translated "Normans and Saxons," when a Greek or a German writer carefully distinguishes βασιλεὺς and ῥήγαντες, or *Kaiser* and *König*, and his English or French translator carefully confounds them. An author who is translated in this fashion suffers as much as when Archbishop Alexander Neville was translated from York to St. Andrews by a Pope whom Scotland did not acknowledge.

THE RULES OF PAPAL CONCLAVES.

THE question of the next Conclave, and of the preparations made, or supposed to be made, for it by Pius IX. on the one hand and Prince Bismarck on the other, is again coming to the front. As regards the latter point, there is no longer any doubt, in spite of official or semi-official denials, that the German Chancellor has been attempting in some way to influence the action of the Italian Government towards the Papacy, and to induce other European States to join him in imposing conditions of their own on the future Papal election. That he is likely to succeed, or ought to succeed, in either case it would be difficult to show. The only political influence which the Pope can exert in Germany is of the same kind as that exercised by any religious or political agitator—say Dr. Kenealy—in England, though it may have a wider range. His injunctions, promises, and threats can only take effect through the consciences of those to whom they are addressed, and have no more legal or coercive force than the words of a revivalist preacher who assures his hearers that, unless they pass through a process of hysterical conversion, they will certainly be damned. And it is therefore just as much a violation of the principle of liberty of conscience to interfere with the one as with the other. Then, as to the future Conclave, although the *Times* thinks—for reasons on which a word shall be said presently—that there is ample cause for Prince Bismarck to interpose, if he can do so effectually, his right to a voice in the matter is, to say the least, not obvious. There is something almost grotesque in the notion, which has rather been hinted at than avowed, that the new German Empire inherits the mediæval prerogatives of the extinct Holy Roman Empire; and still less has it any claim to participate in the veto conceded by custom during the last two or three centuries to certain Catholic States. Neither indeed would that limited veto, which can only be exercised once, and only before the election of the candidate, at all satisfy the aspirations of the Prince Chancellor. Nor would it be very wonderful if this right of veto, which rests on no written law, should be disputed at the next election in

view of the changed attitude of European Governments towards the Church, and the downfall of the Temporal Power, which even the Jesuit Father Curci appears ready to accept as an accomplished fact. We have always doubted whether the deprivation of his temporal sovereignty, however just or necessary a measure for the political interests of Italy, would by any means produce the effect contemplated by Protestant enthusiasts on the spiritual powers of the Papacy. For the moment at all events it might be expected to have a directly opposite result, and an amusing evidence of this is afforded by the appearance of Saul among the prophets in the person of M. Edmond About. To find the author of *Tolla* and *La Question romaine* coming forward as a champion of the Holy See against its persecutors indicates how completely the situation is changed since the triple tiara has ceased to represent any but a spiritual autocracy. Such phenomena do not augur well for the scheme of forming a European coalition against the independence of the approaching Conclave.

Meanwhile the popular ignorance, whether real or assumed, as to the possible arrangements of the coming Conclave, is something exceeding even the ordinary license of British Philistinism. In the first place we have the intelligent comment of the *Times* on the proposal of Pius IX. to give votes at the next election to the five Cardinals whose names are reserved *in petto*; which does indeed happen to be—though the *Times* writer probably did not know it—a stretch of prerogative inadmissible according to all former precedent. He observes that, as the Pope has avowedly reserved five, he may not improbably have secretly reserved fifty, or even any indefinite number of Cardinals *in petto*, whose names—together, it is hinted, with that of the Pontiff they are to elect—are confided to some trustworthy person, to be produced when the critical moment arrives. To this preposterous suggestion there are two conclusive replies. No Pope has ever yet affected to nominate his successor, and no such nomination could have the slightest effect, except by the voluntary agreement of the Cardinals after his death to accept it. Gregory VII. was asked by his friends on his deathbed to name a successor, and he suggested four candidates, of whom two were actually called in succession to the Chair of Peter; but they were freely elected, and moreover Gregory is a wholly exceptional figure in the long line of Pontiffs. In the next place, by a rule in force since 1585, the Sacred College is limited to seventy members—six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Cardinal Priests, and fourteen Cardinal Deacons; and though it may fall short of the prescribed number, it cannot exceed it. There are now fifty-seven Cardinals, without including the five reserved *in petto*, and it was only open to the Pope therefore to reserve thirteen at most, and he would have had to announce the fact, though not the names, of his candidates in Consistory. But while the *Times* blunders, as it is apt to do in such matters, on a gigantic scale, the *Tablet*, which might be expected to be better informed, betrays or affects an ignorance hardly less fundamental in an opposite direction. That our Ultramontane contemporary should be displeased at our comments on the arbitrary nature of the Pope's recent announcement about the rights of the five Cardinals reserved *in petto* was natural enough, but silence under the circumstances would have been its truest wisdom. Instead of this, by a dexterous misconstruction of one article and careful ignoring of another, which the writer had evidently consulted, he first charges us with asserting absolutely that the names of those five are not to be divulged till the death of the present Pope; whereas we said that Pius IX. had directed that they should, "in the event of his death before their promulgation, enjoy the active and passive voice in the next Conclave." And then we are taken to task for saying that this is "a stretch of prerogative," which was not our phrase, but would have been a perfectly correct one. We said that such a claim as that now asserted by Pius IX. "had invariably been rejected, even when it was customary for the Pope to communicate the names of those reserved (*in petto*) secretly to the Sacred College," as used to be done; the *Tablet*, on the contrary, maintains that, as long as the regular number of seventy is not exceeded, the Pope may reserve as many as he chooses *in petto* with the right of voting in the next Conclave. Now what are the facts? The Popes used at one time to name Cardinals in private when there was supposed to be some reason for secrecy, announcing their names however to the Cardinals in Consistory. Martin V. made two such nominations, and shortly before his death held a Consistory wherein he enjoined the Cardinals to admit those secretly named to all the privileges of their office. But when, on his death in 1431, these prelates claimed the right of voting in Conclave, the Cardinals refused to admit this, and their decision was confirmed by a constitution of the next Pope, Eugenius IV. Again, on the death of Paul III. in 1550, Bernardino della Croce, who had been named, but not promulgated, Cardinal by him, claimed the right to vote, which was absolutely repudiated; and since that time the practice of secret nomination has been abandoned, and the Pope has merely announced in Consistory the fact of his having mentally resolved on so many promotions, the only effect of the announcement being to limit the possible number of his future creations, as those named *in petto* are counted among the seventy. It is customary also for him to leave in sealed papers the names of those reserved *in petto*, and for his successor to carry out his intentions; but there is no obligation to do so, and there are well-known precedents of Cardinals reserved *in petto* who have never been promoted. Pius IX. has been the first, since this custom of reserving *in petto*, without naming, came into use more than three centuries ago, to direct that his secret nominees should take their seats, with full rights, in the ensuing Conclave. As such a claim was never

admitted even when the names were privately announced in Conistory, it is *à fortiori* a stretch of prerogative to assert it now, and should the occasion for a Conclave occur before the names are promulgated, the Cardinals will be simply acting in the teeth of all precedent if they admit the claim.

While, however, there are fundamental principles which a Pope cannot meddle with, many of the detailed regulations of Conclaves come within his jurisdiction. There are three great statutes which fix the powers and obligations of the Sacred College. Nicolas II., in 1059, issued the Bull which has been called the Magna Charta of that body, creating it an ecclesiastical senate invested with the exclusive right of choosing the Head of the Church. A century later, Alexander III. decreed in the Third Lateran Council that no election should be valid without a majority of two-thirds at least of those present in Conclave. From that day to this these two fundamental enactments have regulated every Papal election but one, with the solitary and significant exception of that of Martin V., who was appointed by the Council of Constance in the place of John XXIII., whom the Council had previously deposed. But the same cannot be said of the third great enactment on the subject, laid down by Gregory X. at the Second Council of Lyons, in 1274, for regulating in detail the proceedings and ceremonial of Papal elections, wherein the ten days' interval before the assemblage of the Conclave, the immuring of the Cardinals during its continuance, and other minutiae of the process, are prescribed. As regards these regulations, a certain discretionary power is assumed to be vested in the reigning Pontiff, and has been actually exercised in cases of grave emergency. Adrian V. actually abrogated the famous Bull of his predecessor Gregory X., and this repeal remained in force through six elections, till the scandalous consequences of the absence of disciplinary provisions led Celestine V. to revive the law. With better reason Gregory XI., on the return of the Holy See from Avignon, authorized a still more radical change, absolving the Cardinals for the next occasion from the observance of all existing regulations, and authorizing them to elect by simple majority. This is the only instance on record of the rule of Alexander III., making a majority of two-thirds essential for a valid election, being suspended, and it was held to be justified by the imperative necessity of securing the Conclave against the predominant influence of the French Court. Yet, necessary as it might be, a disputed election and the forty years' schism of the anti-Popes was the result. To come nearer our own days, Pius VI., by the Bull *Christi Ecclesie Regenda* of December 30, 1797, authorized the Cardinals who might be on the spot at his death to meet at once and decide either to hold an immediate election or to postpone it indefinitely as they might judge most expedient; and this dispensation was to hold good for all similar occasions of grave peril to the interests of the Church. The difficulties of the times, however, rapidly increased, and a year later Pius VI. issued from his prison in a Carthusian monastery near Florence a second and still more sweeping Bull, *Cum nos superiori anno*, suspending for the next Conclave, and for every other that might occur under equally adverse circumstances, all existing regulations except the requirement of a majority of two-thirds of those present in the election, and the prohibition to canvass for any particular candidate during the Pope's lifetime. It may be added that Gregory XVI. left behind him a document under his own hand, empowering the Cardinals to proceed to an immediate election on his decease, if the free action of the Conclave was likely to be endangered by the observance of the prescribed formalities. This document, which is mentioned in Emil Ruth's *Geschichte von Italien vom Jahre 1815 bis 1850*, was drawn up during the insurrectionary movements at the beginning of Gregory's reign, and was always afterwards kept by him in a drawer of his writing-table, where it was found after his death. That some similar document has been prepared by Pius IX. is in itself eminently probable, and he would be, as we have seen, fully borne out in such a procedure by precedents which cannot be disputed. It is, indeed, true that he has in some notorious cases, as for instance in his dealings with Rosmini and with Cardinal Andrea, shown a disposition to ignore all precedent, and it is of course always possible that he may have been so ill advised as to attempt some revolutionary measure, the validity of which would be called in question after his death. His prospective claim of the franchise for the five Cardinals reserved *in petto* looks that way, seeing that in the few cases where such an injunction has been given, many centuries ago, it has never been allowed to take effect. What is simply incredible, in spite of the reiterated assertions or insinuations of English and other newspapers, is that Pius IX. has taken upon himself to reserve *in petto*, not only the members, but the nominee of the next Conclave. And it is quite certain that, even if he had done so, the Conclave would not permit a posthumous usurpation, for which no semblance of precedent could be pleaded, to supersede its liberty of action.

THE COST OF LIVING.

IT is beyond question that there has been of late years a steady and continuous rise in the ordinary rate of household expenses, and there are few families which have not felt, even if they have not exactly suffered from, the consequent pressure. But it is curious to observe that, though there has been plenty of grumbling, most people seem to have settled down into a sort of sulkily resignation, just as if the increased outlay was, like the east wind, quite

inevitable and beyond human control. This is no doubt an easy way of repudiating responsibility, and it is possible that some persons will rather resent the attack which has been made in the *Cornhill Magazine* on a favourite illusion. There is nothing, as a rule, which people dislike so much as to have it demonstrated to them that the troubles of which they are in the habit of complaining are really caused by their own acts, and that they have the remedy at any moment in their own hands. The writer in question challenges the assumption that increased expenditure is mainly due to the increased dearness of household commodities, and argues that, in point of fact, most things are now cheaper as well as better than they used to be, and that the chief reason why expenditure has risen is because people indulge themselves more freely than formerly. In some respects the article is, indeed, of rather an optimistic character, especially in regard to the alleged superiority in quality of modern wares. There has no doubt been an improvement in many articles; but there has also been a gradual decline in conscientiousness, thoroughness, and solidity of work. It is, for example, impossible to purchase, except at quite a fancy price, a chest of drawers of modern manufacture which will work as smoothly, and resist tear and wear as stoutly, as an old one. Moreover, there is a grotesque extravagance in the assertion that "any labourer can now procure for a shilling a more perfect likeness of a relation than the richest man could have purchased a generation ago." Still, on the whole, there can be no doubt that a plausible case is made out in favour of the view that, if people spend more nowadays than they did in former generations, they get more for their money.

The plan of the writer is to compare some tolerably full and accurate household books of from fifty to fifty years ago which are in his possession with the equally genuine accounts of a similar family a generation later on. The householders are called father and son, and we are told that they occupied the same social position in the upper, or, as it is sometimes called, upper middle, class, each having about 1,000*l.* a year. As neither of them lived either in London or in the heart of the country, but for the most part in country towns, one element of uncertainty in comparing prices—that produced by increased facilities of transit—is to a certain extent avoided. The result of the examination of these accounts is to show that there has been a rise, and even a considerable rise, in all the more important articles of food. Butchers' meat is about double what it was, and the same may be said of game, fowls, rabbits, &c. Butter is much more than double, and eggs and milk are also dearer. Bread has shown no sign of any permanent fall since the repeal of the Corn-laws. On the other side of the list there are articles which have become cheaper, such as sugar and coffee, tea (to the extent of between half and one-third of its former price), and the lighter kinds of wine. The writer makes out that coals are, on the whole, cheaper even at their present rate than they were forty years ago. In the son's case the aggregate of these household expenses runs up to more than a fourth of his income, meat alone costing some 75*l.* out of the 250*l.*, and it is calculated that the son in this department pays from 30*l.* to 40*l.* a year more than his father. House-rent has also risen a good deal. The father paid 80*l.* a year for his house in the neighbourhood of London, while the son, for a larger and more convenient house, with a smaller garden, paid 125*l.* The former, however, was thought rather a low, and the latter rather a high, rent for its neighbourhood, and it is suggested that the difference as regards rent alone would perhaps have been more like 30*l.* Rates and taxes have certainly risen, but then there is a good return for the money. Another item in which there has been an increase is that of servants' wages, but there is a difficulty in saying exactly how much, on account of variations in respect of what they are expected to find for themselves. The nearest calculation that is offered is that housemaids have risen from about 20*l.* to 25*l.*, and cooks from 10*l.* or 12*l.* to 18*l.*, and that the increase on this score does not exceed from 35*l.* to 40*l.* a year. Horses are perhaps not so much wanted for private use as they were in other days, but now they cost more. The father in this case could get a sufficiently good horse for 20*l.* or 25*l.*, and one that satisfied his taste at 30*l.*, while the son has no chance of one that would answer his purpose under from 40*l.* to 60*l.* When the father was at Cambridge a saddle-horse could be had for the day for 3*s.*, while the charge would now be at least from 7*s.* to 10*s.* Against those items in which there has been a reduction. The direct charges for education are not much more than they were, while the return for the money is vastly more. In regard to books, newspapers, stationery, &c., the saving is immense. Travelling is also greatly cheaper, both directly and indirectly, since a slow journey involves many charges. According to these accounts, the price of an outside place on a coach corresponded to that of a first-class railway ticket. As to dress, it is remarked that prices appear to have varied very little. As far as cost goes, there has been a great cheapening of furniture; but we cannot agree with the writer that this is a genuine economy, since the cheap goods shake to pieces very soon, while the dearer, but more substantial, furniture lasted for generations, as may be seen in many a country house. It is stated that a mirror which would now cost ten pounds formerly cost thirty pounds; that fire-grates and other articles are nearly half their old price, and that carpets are also cheaper. The general conclusion is drawn that the three main classes of universal necessities—namely, food, house accommodation, and servants' wages—have all risen considerably, while the fourth—clothes—has altered little. In other things there has been, speaking generally, a decrease.

There can be no doubt, we think, that this is, in the main, a fair statement of the case. As far as prices go, setting one thing against another, there is not very much of a rise; and if sons and daughters would in these days be content to live just as their fathers and mothers did, they might perhaps do so for very nearly the same money. It is the change in the ways of life which is chiefly responsible for the general increase of expenditure. In some cases the greater cheapness and convenience of modern accommodation have been the cause of an enlarged outlay. This is especially true of literature and railway travelling, people being tempted to spend more on such things on account of the facilities for enjoying them. Where, however, expenses have especially risen is in the cost of eating, drinking, and servants; and the reason of the rise is mainly increased demand. There can be no doubt that the consumption of butchers' meat has enormously extended in the course of the last quarter of a century, and keeps on increasing. And it is the same with beer. At the present moment women-servants in Scotland and in the country districts of the North of England eat little meat, and scarcely ever drink anything but water at their meals; and it used to be, not long since, the same with the lower classes generally, and even with the lower middle class, throughout the country. The rise in wages which took place a year or two back has naturally tended to increase the consumption of meat and liquor, and the habit survives even when the wages have fallen. In so far as this is a proof of national prosperity, it is of course a good thing; but it can hardly be doubted that there is a vast amount of waste. In estimating the rise in the expense of service, not only the pay, but maintenance, has to be taken into account, and the total outlay is further swollen by the increasing number of servants who have to be kept. In large towns "general servants" are almost an extinct species; and where two, or perhaps three, women did the work in the last generation, there are now four or five. Thus, though there may not be much of a rise in actual wages per head, there is a very serious rise in the aggregate cost of the service of the household. A cook requires one or more helpers; the housemaid must have an under-housemaid, the nurse an under-nurse, and so on. Scarcely any washing—not even the servants' own washing—is done at home, and laundry bills are now the most formidable things which young persons about to marry have to consider, or, if they have, as usual, married without considering, to dread. This is, in fact, one of the heaviest of household expenses, especially when the wear and tear of clothes through reckless washing, or the use of corrosive acids "to make the things look white," is included. Add to the cost of more servants, and of extras to be paid for out of doors, the cost of modern diet, and it is easy to see how large must be the increase in the whole charge for service. An English soldier's rations are a pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of meat a day, and it certainly cannot be said that he looks ill-fed; yet in a vast number of private families, where one-half of the members at least are women and children, this is not found to be anything like enough. A medical man in the western suburbs finds himself frequently called upon to prescribe for a stout lad or young woman who is suffering severely from five meals a day, with probably meat at each of them; and what goes on in upper-class houses is of course more or less imitated lower down. To the actual consumption must also be added the waste. The English fashion of buying meat in great pieces, of which a large part is thrown aside, necessarily tends to extravagance. In France people buy what they want, cutlets or filets ready for the *casseroles*, and not joints of fat meat which have to be cut down to be fit for the table. There is no reason why every joint should not be properly trimmed before it leaves the shop, and though this would naturally lead to an increase of price per pound, there would be a saving in the long run, not only in the weekly bills, but in the waste which the present practice covers and encourages. Moreover, there are probably very few persons in London who know what weight of meat really comes into their houses, and the cook has usually her own reasons for being on good terms with the butcher. Nor must another important item of expense which is ordinarily connected with the number of servants be forgotten, and that is the breakages, to which may be added the waste of coals and gas.

The writer in the *Cornhill* seems to think that people nowadays are extravagant in the way of giving champagne at dinner, but the truth is that champagne is not a particularly expensive beverage at the present market rates, if we except the special brands; and it is not in this way that people are ruined. As far as wines are concerned, the outlay of our grandfathers was probably higher than that of the ordinary householder at the present time. In short, any one who looks carefully into the matter cannot fail to see that it is not the cost of exceptional hospitalities, but the regular everyday drain of family maintenance, which is now the great burden of domestic life; and it is in this direction that a change is chiefly to be hoped for. What is wanted is not so much a reduction in servants' wages as a reduction in the number of servants, and of the extra payments to casual helps to do the work which servants ought to do, as well as a sharper check on kitchen extravagance generally. It is idle of course to suppose that there will be any voluntary surrender on the part of servants, or that their employers can expect to avoid some sacrifices in order to secure greater comfort and economy. People must simply make up their minds to do with less service in various ways, and to adapt their dwellings accordingly. Much labour might be saved by the substitution of speaking-tubes for bells,

and of tiles that need only to be slushed instead of stones that must be whitened, and by the introduction of lifts, additional cupboards, water-taps, &c., &c. A house provided with such conveniences and with as few stairs as possible might cost more in rent, but the money would be fully repaid in other ways.

ASSIZE TOWNS.

IN the question of the transfer of the Sussex Assizes from Lewes to Brighton the sentimental argument will naturally have a good deal of weight with people who might otherwise be indifferent in the matter. If it can be shown that public convenience requires the change, there is no help for it; but we may regret it not the less. Modern improvements are making ruthless work of ancient associations, and in particular the administration of justice is steadily tending to the prosaic. We do not suppose that the most enthusiastic amateur of the past would care to go back to those early days when the Seigneur held his bed of justice under the umbrageous boughs of the biggest oak in his forests; although law proceedings in those days were summary enough to spare the parties both money and anxiety. The penalty of crime, or even of vexatious litigation, followed perhaps somewhat too promptly on the offence, when a convenient branch in the neighbouring wood made capital punishment so invitingly simple. And, to pass at a bound from the middle ages to the present, American sessions in the back settlements may be thought rather too rough and ready when contempt of court may take the form of a shot at the sitting judge, and the opposing counsel may back up their briefs with their bowie-knives. Still we confess to feeling some regret for the changes which have come over English assize towns in the course of the last forty years or so. Steam has been playing into the hands of enterprise, and both have been busy in obliterating and restoring. Many of our quiet county capitals have grown into great and thriving commercial centres. Every one of their inhabitants is so full of his own affairs that he has little time or thought to spare for the business of his neighbours. Their leading thoroughfares are always so full that the presence of a few hundred strangers makes little perceptible difference. The chief hotels (inns no longer) of these industrial centres are worked by joint-stock companies, and they can pick and choose among crowds of customers who are known to the managers merely by the numbers of their rooms. In towns like these the Court-house is but a single building among scores of the sort. It is dwarfed by the mechanics' institute over the way, and its composite façade is considerably humbler than the "front elevation" of the pagodas of the advertising wine merchants. When the sessions are on they are matter of indifference to every one except the unlucky culprits or litigants, or the solicitors who lay themselves out for assize business. Eminent counsel may come and go as they please, and nobody troubles his head about them. It is this state of things, together with the invention of stipendiary magistrates and other similar changes, that makes modern law business so prosaically unpicturesque to outsiders. Happily, however, for the lighter interests of humanity, all the world does not as yet spin cotton, or hackle wool, or dig up coal. There are still hilly districts that are not richly metalliferous; there are tracts of land but partially reclaimed from primeval forest which are still cultivated on a system of leisurely compromise with modern improvement; and the town of Lewes is the capital of one of these.

The surrounding country is dear to admirers of nature. The town lies embosomed in those Sussex Downs which are described by the enthusiastic Gilbert White as "that magnificent range of mountains." The downs may scarcely look like mountains to experienced travellers who have "adored the Alp and loved the Apennine," to say nothing of having tried the storm-swept passes on the "Roof of the World," or investigated the smouldering volcanoes of the Andes; but unquestionably they are extremely attractive and salubrious to the citizen whose dwelling is in the flats of London, and who usually limits his mountaineering to the airy heights of Hampstead. They have nothing in them to promote a dense growth of population. Here and there you come upon a cheerful little hamlet clustered round its ancient church and yew-shaded churchyard; but for the most part the downs are given over to flocks of sheep listlessly tended by isolated shepherds, and if you descend from them to the surrounding weald, you find yourself among outlying farmhouses, situated among fields which are not extraordinarily fertile. The soil is scarcely valuable enough to make it worth while to grub the corpses in the vicinity. The copse-wood cut down at fixed intervals leaves sunny open places, covered thickly with primroses and spring flowers, and vocal with nightingales and all the early warblers. There are deep-rutted lanes, and dense, straggling hedgerows, and vast barn and stack-yards covering inordinate space. Lewes is the fitting capital of such a country; a quiet, easy-going old English town, with the more significant marks of being well-to-do, in that it accumulates its money slowly and surely. We should imagine the local capitalists to be eminently respectable and prudent men, not at all given to burning their fingers in the speculations that engender panics. We know nothing of its municipality or Board of Health, but the streets at least are sufficiently broad and beautifully clean, with a fine natural fall to carry off the sewage water. They grow wonderfully lively of a fine market-day; but ordinarily there is no great traffic to dirty them. No one ever appears to be in a bustle, and there are neither collisions

at the corners nor people run over at crossings. The houses are roomy and not too lofty, as if building sites had never gone to fancy prices. There are big, rambling, old-fashioned inns, which look for their profits to occasional "spurts" of business; where, as a rule, you must make your choice between steaks and chops, though they prepare themselves carefully for special occasions by replenishing their roomy larders and engaging an extra staff of attendants. When the county militia comes out for its annual training, when the races are run upon the downs behind, but, above all, when the Judges come in to hold the assizes, then a town like Lewes is in its glory. It is then that you may see a phase of old English life which is far too rarely met with elsewhere. There is a strong muster of the local magnates; the neighbouring farmers for many miles round, even if they have not been summoned as jurymen, find that most urgent business calls them to their county town. Their wives and daughters insist on accompanying them, for at that time the local linendrapers and milliners have filled their shops with the gayest fashions of the season. The townsfolk keep open house for country friends, and renew old-standing acquaintances. They can the better afford to do it as their guest chambers are in great demand, and the gentlemen from the various Inns of Court are scattering money among them freely. Lewes, in fact, puts on the garments of gladness at these solemn ceremonial seasons, just as scores of other English towns used to do before they were carried off their legs in the rush of progress and prosperity.

Transfer the Sussex Assizes to Brighton, and what happens? Lewes is condemned to a living death, like some of the capitals of the once famous Italian Republics, where the grass nowadays grows thickly in the streets; or like those thriving towns of the Holland of the sixteenth century which have been long ago stranded behind their barren sandbanks by the receding waters of the Zuider Zee. As for Brighton, it would gain nothing in the eyes of the general public, whatever might be the profit of the Bench and Bar, who after all are but public servants. Even supposing the Sussex folk continued to come up there as they came to Lewes, they would be lost in the crowds of pleasure-seekers, who would have but slight sympathy with the worthy rustics. An intelligent foreigner like M. Taine or M. Esquiros, travelling to observe characteristic English customs, would gather nothing for his note-book, even if he succeeded in making his way to the new Court-house. And English writers will be equally losers if the interests of centralization are to be everywhere in the ascendant, and if all ancient landmarks are to be promiscuously obliterated. The treatment of elections is already tabooed to novelists. The backdoor bribery whose results were patent on the polling-day, to its promoters at least; the purchase of so many pounds' worth of drunken mob to make vociferous demonstration on the day of nomination; the lively scenes on the hustings and in front of them, when rival candidates made their appearance before their constituencies—all this has passed into the domain of ancient history. It is long since exciting love-chases to the Scotch frontier ceased to supply us with exciting and legitimate sensation. What is to be the fate of the manufacturers of ingenious fiction if they are to go on turning out bricks faster than ever, while their supply of straw is to be steadily diminished? It would be a tedious and a melancholy retrospect were we to venture on a flying trip back through those famous novels where the fortunes of heroes and heroines were finally settled during assize weeks. Soul-stirring episodes could be produced with a profusion of appropriate properties. Excitement was wrought up artistically till it stood upon tiptoe on the eve of the Judges' arrival. The High Sheriff went forth in sublime state with javelin-men and blazoned carriages and a glittering retinue, and the solemn entry came off in an outburst of intoxicating enthusiasm. The local populace was swelled by gangs of yokels from the country, who shouted in sheer sympathy with all the strength of their stentorian lungs. The noise and the general exhilaration were contagious, and many hearts in the best rooms in the inns were beating violently with suppressed hopes and fears. The houses in the neighbourhood were filled to overflowing with parties assembled for the occasion, and so were the hotels. Young aspirants to the silk gown and to the wool-sack, hoping for briefs from discreditable clients, came rattling into the place in their postchaises. They looked forward to renewing former flirtations, and a brilliant forensic success might make or mar them. The assize balls and other social gatherings were regular features of these merry meetings. Perhaps it might not seem the best taste in the world to celebrate the capital condemnation of a batch of unhappy fellow-creatures by gay dances and suppers in assembly-rooms next door to the gaol. But such contrasts come inevitably in the chequered course of life, and experience told that many a county beauty had owed her happy settlement to love-whispers breathed in her ear on similar occasions. Then in those olden times the joviality of the Bar mess was very different from what it is now. The counsel of the circuit were thrown more closely together in their slow progress, and they came in great measure from a different class of men from that which nowadays recruits the profession, and could afford to take life less earnestly. We can never hope to see those jovial days again. Men cannot possibly be convivial on pints of Gladstone claret as they used to be on those batches of the old-fashioned port which their host had laid down in his cellars for the purpose. Fashionable young women who are brought for the season to town, even if they stayed at home for the county assizes, would scorn to take flying shots at such game as would now be most likely to come flying across them. Yet we feel that old-world

county capitals like Lewes keep alive some memories of these merry traditions, and, though of course the question must be decided not by sentiment but by practical considerations of public convenience, we own that it would be with no small regret that we should see the last of them merged in our swarming hives of industry and our modern vanity-fairs.

WORK FOR WOMEN.

THERE is no need any longer to argue the question whether or not women whose social position is that of gentlewomen shall be allowed freely to enter the labour market. Necessity has taken the matter beyond the reach of controversy. Thousands of ladies are to be found without any male relations who can support them. They have to choose between starvation, dependence upon charity, and honourable work. Surely the last is not so very much to be dreaded. Charity is too often accepted as if it were the rightful reward of laziness and incompetence. Too often it is given on those terms. There are several reasons why the number of women who ought to make money is daily increasing. The same income which enabled a middle-class family to live in comfort twenty years ago will not do so now. This is partly because of the rise in prices, but chiefly because many things which used to come under the head of the luxuries of life have now become its necessities. Professional men, except those in the first rank, can generally do little more than make ends meet. They cannot lay by fortunes for their daughters, or pay very heavy insurance premiums. Then, too, business has assumed a more speculative character, so that the merchant, rich to-day, may be ruined to-morrow, and his luxuriously brought-up children find themselves left penniless. Young men do not marry so early as they did fifty years ago. A greater number of them seek their fortune away from home, whilst few single women above the rank of servants emigrate. All these causes combined leave many thousands of women who are known as ladies in a position which obliges them to become self-supporting. There is plenty of room for them all if they will consent to give a good day's work for a good day's wages, but not otherwise. They must take the same position as men in the labour market, and be able to offer market value in the shape of skilled work before they ask to be paid for it. There is, however, a growing and most encouraging desire amongst young girls to be taught to earn their own livelihood. They begin to understand that there is no degradation in being paid for work, provided the work done is worth the money, but that there is degradation in being dependent on relations or friends, and that the life of busy idleness which most girls lead is simply beneath contempt. Some ambitions besides those of being fashionably dressed or getting a pair of new earrings are arising in their breasts. Those who have no home duties want their share in the world's work and in the prosperity which they see earned by hard-working men. Even in a family where the parent's income is sufficient to provide necessary things for the children, the girls may like to be able to earn some pocket-money. The love of art and of pretty things which is becoming so universal makes them wish for a picture to hang in their own room, or perhaps a pair of new curtains or a cover for their writing-table. They want an expensive book on some special subject or a rare plant for their flower-garden. They feel that they cannot ask their parents for these unnecessary things, and long to earn money to buy them. Every girl might be so brought up as to acquire sufficient proficiency in some one thing to be able to make money by it. There are other cases where the power of adding a little to a small income would enable two young people to marry instead of being engaged for years.

When women suddenly find themselves obliged to do something for a livelihood, the difficulty of course arises as to what they can do. The first thing that naturally occurs to them is to turn governesses or companions. They are told at all the agencies that the market is overstocked. This is only true in a sense. The market is undoubtedly overstocked with people who think teaching is a sort of thing which comes by nature, but who in fact know nothing whatever about it, as they have had no proper training, and probably have not mastered one single subject sufficiently well to teach it intelligibly. But there are more applications for certificated governesses than all the agencies can possibly meet. The School Boards do not know where to turn for competent female teachers. The new education code already demands something like fifteen thousand schoolmistresses. Women have only begun to learn that there is no market for unskilled labour, so they are not ready to fill these vacancies. In needlework, again, an employment which naturally belongs to the weaker sex, the same want of proper training as in every other branch of ladies' work will be found to exist. It is becoming every day more rare to find a girl who can darn and mend neatly, who can cut out and cleverly fit chintz covers for furniture, who can rearrange the breadths of a carpet and mend it so as to escape detection. Not long ago a lady much interested in the subject of employment for poor ladies was allowed to give an order for a large and costly trousseau. She bought patterns of embroidered under-clothing in Paris, and took them to one of the London Societies for the sale of poor ladies' work. The manager rather ruefully explained to her that she had only one person on her books who could execute satin stitch embroidery similar to the patterns, and only a very few who could make up the garments

after they were embroidered. Some simpler articles were taken to another establishment, but with a similar result, so the end was that nearly all the trousseau, which these Work Societies might have had, was procured from the shops in the usual way. The head of another of these establishments said a few days ago that she had only three good plain sewers amongst her numerous applicants for employment. Dressmaking too does not seem to have been tried by ladies with any signal success. This is strange, as enormous fortunes are made by fashionable milliners. Mrs. Crawshaw boasts that her late "lady" maid, who has left her to become a companion, could make dresses which were mistaken for those of Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove. Now this is precisely the sort of dressmaking from which we might have hoped ladies would save us. Dresses made in imitation of some ungraceful, inconvenient, third-rate French fashion can be bought by the hundred at all shops for ready-made articles. What ladies of taste profess that they look for, and never can find, are designers who at a moderate cost will make up materials into simple, individual, and suitable costumes, or who could with intelligence carry out a design from a drawing or picture. At present it is necessary to go either to a tailor or to a ruinously expensive court milliner to have a plain dress really well fitted. The most advanced representatives of "Woman's Rights" do not have their riding-habits made by one of their own sex, nor their jackets if they can help it. Women are brought up with such habits of inexactness that they cannot be trusted where eighthths of an inch make any difference. There is nothing of which mothers complain so bitterly as the impossibility of getting simple well-cut dresses for their children, except from two or three shops where the price, as compared with the cost of the material, is so disproportionate as to be only possible to people to whom a few pounds more or less makes no difference. The only place where elegantly made prints for ladies' morning wear are to be had is a French establishment. They are imported from Paris, and cost as much as a rich silk. Surely this is absurd whilst there are so many ladies who say they want work. An appeal has been made for funds to establish a school for young ladies who wish to learn scientifically, but the school has not yet been started.

Nursing has long been talked of as a sphere of women's work. The profession has not been at all developed in the way it might have been. It has infinite ramifications and new fields still to be conquered. Middle-aged ladies might go out as monthly nurses, for which six months of proper training would fit them. Many ladies would prefer an attendant who could be an intellectual companion as well as a nurse. Dispensing medicine seems to have been tried with success, and there is no reason why women should not make good chemists. The Government Telegraph Offices and the Post Office clerkships supply a good deal of work, but it is most suitable to the same class of young girls who would otherwise go behind the counter. In America women are found very useful in banks, as they are invaluable detectors of forged notes; their sense of touch and sight seeming to be keener than that of the young men clerks. They have also been employed as Treasury clerks ever since the war. The profession of house-decorating seems one likely to develop itself, and is apparently very well suited to ladies of taste and education. Here, however, an apprenticeship of several years is required, as a knowledge of architecture and drawing to scale is absolutely indispensable. Good health, business faculties, and energy would be necessary to ensure success. With this occupation might be combined art needlework and glass-painting. China-painting, too, comes under this head, as tiles and plaques are now so much used in house decoration. Of literature, the general refuge for the distressed, we need scarcely here speak, except to say that it might be made a remunerative profession even by women without the talent of a George Eliot, did they but learn to write their own language correctly, or were they willing to work up a subject in the way that an antiquary or historian is compelled to do. Nor is it necessary to speak of painting, wood-engraving, photography, printing, music-teaching, or the other employments which are being resorted to with a fair measure of success; but a few modes of employment whose suitability has still to be tested by experiment are suggested in *The Year-Book of Woman's Work* which has been lately compiled by Miss Hubbard. Amongst other things, lady couriers are proposed. This seems sensible enough, as in an ordinary Continental tour the fine gentleman courier does nothing for the ladies whose pockets he bleeds so profusely, in reward for his small attentions, which a lady could not do quite as well, and more agreeably if she were well-read and intelligent. She would probably travel in the same carriage with the people she was attending, and would be a pleasant and useful companion. Such companions would be invaluable to the rich young Americans who come to rush through Europe and cram all the information they can in a hurried tour. It is also suggested that artificial fly-making and the preparation of microscopic objects is pleasant and remunerative work which can be done at home, and work which can be done at home is always eagerly sought after.

There are many occupations which seem to us strangely neglected, and gardening is one. To a person with a small garden in a sheltered situation, it would be possible by care and good management to supply flowers to the London market at times when they are scarce and costly. This could be done with very fair remuneration if the business did not go through too many hands. The rearing of fowls can also be made a very fair speculation by any one who will rise at five o'clock throughout the summer mornings and treat the poultry judiciously. So also a nice little income might be made by the sale of eggs by any one living in a suitable soil in the

South of England. But in no employment will ladies succeed until they cease to be merely amateurs. What they can and cannot do is a very small matter compared with the question whether there is anything which they are willing to learn to do well. So long as they look upon work as only a sad necessity, and consider those employments degrading which they describe by the term menial, so long shall we have starving gentlewomen. Miss Hubbard says, "I trust it may soon be considered as honourable for a woman to earn her bread as to eat it unearned." She considers that when false ideas of gentility shall have been buried and put out of sight, women will gain much by the business habits they must necessarily learn if they wish to make a position for themselves which shall have no flavour of charity about it. Several employments which promised well do not seem so satisfactory when tried. Piano-tuning requires great strength of wrist, and must be learnt in very hot rooms whilst the pianos are in course of construction. Dentistry also requires more strength both of wrist and nerve than women generally possess; so too, we need hardly say, would surgery. The Telegraph Offices are rather disappointing; the pay is poor and the work fatiguing. But there is one thing which has hitherto only been tried on a very small scale by women, and that is commerce. There does not seem the slightest reason why they might not succeed here. We have seen a well-known novelist attending to her husband's business with amazing cleverness and discretion when he was laid up with illness. We have heard of a young lady having been taken into partnership by her father, who was a maltster. We have known in America of the widow of a banker carrying on the business; and in some Census statistics of London we find women described as shipowners, manufacturing chemists, owners of factories, and engaged in all sorts of trades which are supposed exclusively to belong to men. In France women are considered competent to undertake almost any commercial business. But whatever profession women take up, whatever trade they practise, whatever things they teach, let them feel assured that only good work will find a ready market at market prices, and that bad work will be a drug refused by all but those who are inclined to give charity pay for it.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHTS.

CANADA, we regret to say, has for some purposes been already annexed to the United States. So far as English writers are concerned, our fellow-subjects across the Atlantic might just as well be inhabitants of New York or Massachusetts. Of late years it has been possible for our better-known authors to obtain a respectable addition to their profits by dealing with American publishers for advance sheets of their works; and the same system is of course applicable to Canada. But the fact that Canada is counted as part of the British Empire goes for nothing in this respect. According to the law passed in 1842, indeed, Canada was included within the literary frontier. To pirate the works of an English author was as much forbidden in the colonies as in Dublin. Unluckily Canadian flesh is weak, and the facility of smuggling from America is enormous. It is a melancholy fact, moreover, that few people can ever be got to understand that smuggling is a form of stealing, or that the individual citizen is not in a natural state of war with the Custom-house officer. Everybody who brings home a foreign edition of a book in which there is an English copyright is of course helping to defraud the proprietor, and more or less directly to injure the author. And yet the charm of a ragged little Tauchnitz copy of some book by Mr. Carlyle or George Eliot, which has made itself at home in the pocket of a travelling coat and solaced tiresome hours of railway journeys, is often able to overcome the scruples even of the virtuous. We fear that an investigation of many respectable libraries would reveal cheap and convenient copies of expensive books which ought properly to have been committed to the Channel or left on the other side. Indeed it seems to be an opinion prevalent amongst many otherwise estimable persons that books, like umbrellas, are to be regarded as beyond the sphere of moral obligation. Still the copies which dribble into England by such means are not sufficiently numerous to inflict any substantial injury upon the proprietors of copyright. There can be no wholesale importation. In Canada, however, the facilities were enormously greater, and, in practice, American reprints seem to have flooded the Canadian market. As prohibition was impossible, it was agreed to try a more moderate measure of protection. A duty was imposed upon these American reprints for the benefit of the English authors. This plan, it now appears, has completely broken down. The duty, it seems, is small, and is systematically evaded; and the result has been that a distinguished English novelist has received the munificent royalty of eighteenpence from the sale of his works in Canada. Another attempt has now been made in the Canadian Legislature to improve this state of things in the interest of Canadian publishers, and incidentally of English authors. There seems to be a certain ambiguity in some provisions of the Act. The most important regulation, however, appears to be tolerably clear. Instead of the present system of protection, there is to be a return to the system of absolute prohibition, but a prohibition granted only under certain conditions. Any book registered in Canada will receive an "interim" copyright for a period of one month, reckoned from the time of publication elsewhere. If by the end of that time the book has been published in Canada, copyright will be granted for the usual period. Thus, by registering a new book

and bringing it out at once, a complete protection will be granted. Further, it seems that copyright may be obtained at any subsequent period by publication in Canada. After such publication, it appears, the importation of reprints from America or the reproduction of the book by Canadian pirates will be forbidden. This, however, would apply in comparatively few cases. The great advantage offered to the English author is that, by registering his book in time, he will be able to acquire a perfect copyright, instead of being confined, as now, to such profits as result from the competition for advance sheets.

The general conclusion seems to be that the English author will be, on the whole, in a rather better position than at present. The old system of absolute prohibition was inadequate because nobody had a sufficient interest in maintaining its efficiency. To forbid the importation of American reprints in all cases was, it seems, in practice to forbid it in none. The duty on importation, again, could not be properly enforced, because when a book was once in Canada there was nothing to show whether it had or had not paid the duty; and thus, when the frontier was once passed, it was in safety. A Canadian publisher, on the other hand, will have a sufficient interest in the books which he has published to render him anxious to enforce the law; and, the bare existence of such books in Canada being illegal, there will be no pretext for keeping them under any circumstances. Thus it is hoped that the absolute prohibition of reprints in those cases alone where the native publisher is concerned may be rendered effective where a wider system of prohibition or a protective duty completely breaks down. The law, it is plain, is designed rather for the benefit of the Canadian publisher than of the English author, though the author, too, will profit incidentally. Another clause, if it be rightly interpreted by the Secretary of the Copyright Association, shows this tendency more unpleasantly. According to him, this clause enables any publisher in Canada to take out copyright for a work if the English author has neglected to do so. The publisher would thus be protected, not only against the American pirate, but against the English proprietor; and, as the law stands, books which have thus been judiciously appropriated might even be imported into England. We hope that there is some misinterpretation of a clause which does not seem to be clearly expressed, and that it will at any rate be carefully examined before the Act is approved by the home Government.

Leaving this out of the question, the English author may reflect that half a loaf is better than no bread. So far indeed as the operation of the law goes, he cannot possibly be in a worse position than he actually is. The competition between publishers, however, is sufficiently strong to enable him to make something out of his power of giving a first start to one of them. He will hereafter enjoy this advantage in a higher degree. By registering a forthcoming book and bringing it out at once, the publisher will obtain complete security, and should therefore be able to pay more than for the precarious privilege. He can bring out the book in the form likely to be most profitable, instead of having the fear of cheap editions before his eyes. If indeed the author lets the precious time slip from excessive modesty or laziness, it is possible that American reprints may fill the market before he acquires a copyright; and, except in the rare case of a standard book which sells after the first period of popularity is passed, his right will be of little value. But, on the whole, the change, so far as it goes, seems to be clearly in his favour. The amount of advantage depends, indeed, entirely upon the power of the Canadian publishers to enforce their rights. When we hear that the preceding systems broke down so completely, we cannot feel so certain as we could wish that Canadians will be weaned from their taste for American reprints. The difficulty arising from the length of the frontier and the imperfect moral sense of humanity is likely to remain unaltered. If, however, the Englishman gets threepence where he now gets a shilling, he will probably be content to abandon his purely theoretical right to half-a-crown.

It may be weak to look forward to the bare possibility of some day coming when the really serious injury will be removed, and English authors be enabled to acquire rights, not only in the colony, but throughout the American continent. Poor Mr. Dickens gained nothing but some degree of unpopularity for protesting many years ago against the American practice of plundering—so he was pleased to call it—British brains. Unluckily, there are two classes which have a strong interest in resisting any concession. The American reader gets his books cheaper, and the American publisher can have a larger business, by not recognizing the rights of a foreigner. To appeal to abstract right in face of such obvious interests is not a very hopeful task. When American literature is sufficiently developed to produce a desire for reciprocity, the case may be altered. At present the obvious and palpable advantages are too much on one side, and yet one would hope that American authors are already sufficiently numerous and intelligent to see that they too are directly interested in the matter. They are practically the victims of a discriminative duty. The broom seller explained the philosophy of the case in answer to the complaints of his comrade. He could undersell his rival who stole the sticks and stole the heath and stole the binds, because he stole his brooms ready-made. In like manner, a publisher who appropriates a book ready-made has a plain advantage over the publisher who has to pay an author for putting his information together. The trade of authorship can hardly be flourishing in America when equally good books can be obtained from English authors who need not be paid at all. The protection of English brains is therefore equivalent to protecting American

brains; and the argument may be valid with minds which reject considerations founded upon mere justice. However, it will probably take a few generations before such reflections obtain a hearing; and by that time perhaps the English coal-mines may be exhausted, and English literature may have disappeared along with other luxuries. Meanwhile, it is some satisfaction that the mere force of competition has developed a kind of property outside the law, and produced a certain honour amongst publishers which enables the modern author to get something from those who appropriate his labours. Let us hope that Americans and Canadians, reflecting upon these things, will gradually improve their laws as well as their customs.

TEA.

A "TEA-DRINKER'S" complaint in the columns of the *Times* has produced a correspondence from which some useful information may be derived. One writer thinks that, if the tea trade—meaning the trade in cups of tea—were properly developed, it would become the most powerful rival of the gin-palace, as perhaps it would. In London little has been done to secure for tea a fair chance in the competition. The confectioners' shops where tea is sold for drinking are largely kept by foreigners of dirty habits, and although the tea may be tolerably good, you may be sure that the lump of sugar which you put into it has passed through the greasy fingers of the shopkeeper. The "coffee-houses," which are tolerably numerous, scarcely affect to entertain customers above the class of clerks and superior artisans, and the tea which they supply has a formidably dark colour, and the best that could be said for it would be that it is preferable to their coffee. The "Tea-drinker," although he says many hard things of the trade, yet ascribes to it a kind of conscience; for he says that tea is sold in bond as low as threepence per pound, and is bought for grocers who do a cheap trade. We might have thought that some native leaf would answer as well as an imported article at threepence per pound, but the line of conscience must be drawn somewhere, and the cheap grocer is supposed to insist that the herb he sells, although worthless, shall be foreign. However, we are assured by a tea-dealer that the trade know of no such article as tea at 3d. per lb., and that more than 80 per cent. of the tea imported costs the importer over 1s. per lb. The weight of tea consumed annually in the three kingdoms is put roundly at 150,000,000 lbs., and the duty, even on the reduced tariff of 6d. per lb., amounts to between 3,000,000l. and 4,000,000l. The "Tea-drinker" is probably right in saying that consumers in general have little power of discrimination. Some take their tea so hot that its flavour, if it had any, would be lost upon them, and many take it so weak that it can have no flavour in particular. We have also heard of "husband's tea," which sufficiently explains itself. People value themselves on their wine, or fruit, or cookery, but we seldom hear nowadays of any special excellence being sought in or ascribed to tea. Among all the scenes that have been made by novelists out of afternoon tea, it would be difficult to find one in which any stress is laid upon the quality of the drink. Miss Braddon would exult in an opportunity of describing sumptuous plate and delicate china, but there are hardly any superlatives that can be applied to tea. It may be true, therefore, as the "Tea-drinker" says, that the great majority of the public have never tasted a cup of good tea in their lives. Very little tea, probably, is so bad as we sometimes hastily assume, and, on the other hand, very little tea is of first-rate quality. Russia is popularly supposed to absorb all the best tea, and yet the Russian plan of stewing the leaves and making a kind of essence of tea, which is diluted with hot water, seems likely to destroy all delicacy of flavour. The "Tea-drinker's" assumption that there is a large and wealthy class in England who desire fine tea, but cannot get it, is improbable. We could not easily be persuaded that it is the interest of importers or wholesale dealers to exclude fine, and give the preference to common tea. The more likely supposition is that wealthy people are not in general more curious than others about tea. Those who really are fastidious about quality would probably insist on making their tea themselves in the room where they drink it, whereas in large houses tea-making is very much left to servants. Grocers seem to desire to impress on their customers the fact that they sell cheap tea, and we hear comparatively little about quality, except that all cheap tea, like all other cheap articles, is declared by the seller to be "fine," "superior," and so on. But nobody attaches any importance to mere epithets.

This view of the subject is confirmed by a dealer, who asserts that there is little or no demand in this country for tea at the price which the Russians are willing to pay. The same dealer denies that enormous profits are, or can be, made in this trade. Competition, he says, is too keen for that. Another dealer is angry with the "Tea-drinker" for saying that consumers do not know good tea from bad, and he asserts, on the contrary, that "there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the kingdom but who knows a good cup of tea from a bad one." Of course in one sense this is true; but we believe that the majority of tea-drinkers would be satisfied with the article which grocers sell at 2s. or 2s. 6d. per lb. If an article at double that price were perceptibly better, people who could afford to buy it would be able to congratulate themselves on getting something for their money. But we fear that an educated palate is necessary to distinguish that

exaltation of quality which accompanies a rise in price. In England, as a writer in the *Times* remarks, strong and heavy wines form the leading consumption, and delicate Turkish tobacco is not much favoured. "So also body and strength combined with flavour are the great desideratum of the English tea-consumer." The Russian has a positive aversion to the dark-looking decoction called tea in England. He makes his tea as already described, dilutes it to the colour of very light sherry, and adds to it sugar and lemon. Englishmen, it must be owned, if they like tea at all, do not like it of a pale straw colour. In Australia tea is the universal drink, and when it is made by gallons at a time, by throwing a handful of tea into a boiler, delicacy of flavour is not likely to be studied. That the bulk of English people have not in these matters very refined taste is shown by the extent to which chicory is used to flavour, as we suppose it would be called, coffee, and still more by the patience with which abominable preparations are accepted under the name of coffee. A people of more sensitive palate would surely have long since reformed their coffee-making, and, without adopting all that has been said against publicans' beer, we may feel surprise that respectable consumers do not insist on some improvement in it. A writer who seems to be well acquainted with the whole subject divides the responsibility of so small a consumption as there is of fine tea in this country between the dealers and the consumers, "who are singularly unacquainted with the nature of the article under discussion." This writer asserts that the bulk of the finest China Congou finds its way to Russia, and that, "under the mixing system of our retailers," consumption runs on medium teas to which an artificial flavour is imparted by the use of some Indian tea, green tea, and Oolong or scented tea, according to the taste of different localities. It is remarkable that in tea, and also in tobacco, every dealer professes to have his "mixture," and many customers believe that nature requires to be thus assisted. In wine public taste has lately altered, but for several generations the favourite after-dinner drink was port specially manufactured for the English market. Perhaps the finest Congou that goes to Russia would meet, if it came here, no warmer reception than would have been accorded thirty years ago to unbranded port. The writer already quoted asserts that the grocer's profit on tea is, notwithstanding competition, higher than other correspondents are willing to admit, and that he owes this profit largely to mixing. The experiment of obtaining "genuine unmixed tea" in the original package as imported can be tried by any housekeeper who has a friend in the wholesale trade and is willing to lay in a few months' stock at once. This writer seems to think that this experiment would have almost a moral value, and he assures us that a cup of artificially flavoured tea does not possess the cheering property of the genuine article. But he does not state, nor do we understand him to imply, that grocers in their mixing use habitually any ingredients that may not be called, with some liberality perhaps of language, tea. We entirely agree with him that the teapot is, or ought to be, a powerful rival of the gin-palace, and consequently an antagonist to vice and crime. But we regard it as a secondary question whether that teapot contains mixed tea or finest Congou. The mischievous manufacture of green tea has, we believe, been checked, and there can hardly be any other process in tea-making that can be compared with the concoction of "sherry" for sale at refreshment bars. However, if there is any moral improvement to be derived from selling genuine unmixed tea, the country can well bear it.

It is delightful to hear that the Russians still retain some respect for "chop," although we are assured that that feeling has departed long ago from England. Messrs. Rowley and Davies inform the *Times* that "it is erroneous to suppose that these fancy-priced teas (which go to Russia) are in reality superior to many sold at much lower rates." The Russians still believe to some extent that an article is better because they pay more money for it, but that belief is rapidly yielding as commercial information spreads among them. "A few years ago they could not imagine the possibility of getting fine tea otherwise than at a high price." When tea first reached them by sea, they did not perceive that it ought to cost less than by caravan, and so they continued—alas! for too short a time—to pay what we should call a fancy price. "The feeling still affects them to some extent, but they will doubtless know better in course of time." We have no doubt they will. Competition thrusts itself into all the quiet nooks of trade, and we should think that an old-fashioned tea-importer might question the utility of the boasted connexion between commerce and education. The wealthy Russian who found in high-priced tea a peculiarly grateful flavour will learn in time to think that that flavour was metallic. There are perhaps wealthy Englishmen who would be driven to confess, if closely questioned, that their wine tastes strongly of ten shillings per bottle. The influence of imagination upon the palate has not perhaps been estimated so closely as it deserves to be. When we hear of one importer marking tea as "grown in the garden of the Emperor," and the same or a rival importer marking his as "grown in the garden of the Empress," we are reminded of certain distinguished names which are connected with the produce, or supposed produce, of particular vineyards. It is easy to say that the retailer is proof against such allurements, but how about the customer? We believe that, if tea were steadily advertised as the genuine produce of the Emperor's garden, the advertiser would make a fortune. If it were possible to advertise milk from the Queen's dairy we should not have the slightest doubt of great success. But unfortunately the most simple-minded customer could not

accept a fiction which would be immediately and flatly contradicted.

More than one writer complains of the "pernicious practice" of advertising "best" or "finest" tea at prices below the cost of tea of moderate quality. But we believe that this practice is nearly harmless, because it is applied indiscriminately to every article in a grocer's shop. If you make up a strange-looking package with a mysterious mark, and offer it confidently as "tea from the garden of the Brother to the Sun," customers will believe in that. But if "best" tea is sold at 2s. per lb., it would surprise nobody in England to hear that there is better tea at 3s. 6d. per lb. Some persons might perhaps doubt whether the higher priced tea is really better, but several respectable dealers assure us that it is. "It is generally admitted that teas of Indian growth are superior to Chinese, and it is certain they realize much higher prices." The import of this tea is now very considerable, and the whole of it is retained for home consumption. It seems to follow that there must be people in England who are more curious in tea than we had supposed. We can only say, however, that nothing comes under common observation at all approaching the critical attention that is bestowed on wine. Nobody probably ever heard of two or three varieties of tea being served at the same house on the same night. The novelists, when they take in hand a tea-party, dwell upon the quality, not of the liquor, but of the talk. In short, as a poet said of another vegetable, tea is tea and nothing more to the great majority of English people. Illusions are being rapidly dispelled. Russians are ceasing to believe in the superiority of high-priced tea, and we are warned not to believe in the superiority of the Russian palate. However, let us hold fast to truth when we find it. There appears to be no doubt that tea finer than the "finest" can be bought at 3s. 6d. per lb.

THE COLONY OF ASSUNGUY.

IT is difficult to say why an able-bodied labourer who might go to Canada or Australia should allow himself to be persuaded to go to the colony of Assunguy. In order to ascertain where that colony is, we had better follow the route of Consul Hunt, who visited it six months ago. He left Rio de Janeiro on the 6th of September last in a steamship which, steering south-west along the coast of Brazil, brought him to Paranaguá on the 8th. He went thence to Antonina, a small town on the bay of Paranaguá, and thence in two long days' travelling over a good macadamized road he reached Curitiba, the capital of a province, on the 10th. The town of Curitiba contains about four thousand inhabitants, and within a radius of ten miles there are as many more. Of the rural population about two thousand five hundred are Germans, and there are also some Polish and French colonists. The Germans are doing well. As long as an immigrant can earn something to help him he may get on fairly, more especially in such a good climate as that of the table-lands of Paraná; but further in the interior, on a much lower level, with an absence of roads and markets, the exclusive reliance on the produce of the soil is a struggle for existence of the severest kind. The colony of Assunguy, where this struggle has been for some time proceeding, is seventy miles from Curitiba. It is in a tropical valley where the heat all the year round is great, and in the summer intense. The road from Curitiba to Assunguy is for long distances nothing but a mountain track. The buildings which form the nucleus of the colony are ranged round an open quadrangle of about an acre and a half in extent. None of the colonists have been permitted to establish themselves near the colonial centre. All the neighbouring lands, which are remarkably good, have been granted to influential persons in the province, who do not cultivate them. The colonists are placed at distances of eight, twelve, thirteen, or even twenty-three miles from the centre of the colony. A great deal of unnecessary hardship and labour was thus inflicted on them. They were isolated in a wilderness, unable to exchange their produce or find a market for it, and deprived of the assistance they might otherwise have rendered to each other. It is estimated that one thousand British colonists in all arrived at Assunguy, and of this number there remain 293. Mr. Hunt received from the remaining colonists statements which he has appended to his Report, and the hardships and disappointments therein described are such as might have been expected. The usual picture of plenty and fertility was drawn by agents for whom the Brazilian Government now disclaims responsibility. Promises were made, and, as generally happens in such cases, unavoidable circumstances prevented their fulfilment. John Pugsley, shipwright, who has a wife and six children, came from Gloucestershire to the colony about two years ago. Perhaps he might apply to himself the remark "The more fool I! When I was at home I was in a better place." It passes comprehension that John Pugsley, not understanding Portuguese, nor having much capacity for learning it, should have chosen to settle in the Brazilian Empire. Surely an empire on which, as we are fond of boasting, the sun never sets, could find a place for John Pugsley and his wife and children. But if he preferred a Brazilian colony to his own because of the attractions offered by the former, we may usefully inquire what these attractions were.

We find annexed to Mr. Hunt's Report a handbill circulated by Mr. Yeats, "District Secretary of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union," inviting emigration to the "English colony of Cananea, South America," by which is meant a colony to which

the Brazilian Government invites "good agricultural immigrants" from England. Mr. Yeats, dating from Gloucester, informs his neighbours and the country generally that willing and useful labourers will find this a golden opportunity, as the numbers are limited and every facility will be given. One is reminded of the recruiting sergeant of old days who always wanted "a few fine young men," and assured his rustic hearers that they might become kings, emperors, or even justices of the peace. But perhaps Mr. Yeats is more like Captain Plume who tells Costar Pearmain and Thomas Appletree that he was a volunteer and carried a musket, and now commands a company, and asks them what they think of a purse full of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket after dashing out his brains with the butt of a firelock. This in more genteel, but less definite, language might be called a "golden opportunity." If the Agricultural Labourers' Union cannot do better than this for the Pearmain and Appletree of our time, it may be thought that union is not in this instance strength. We of course assume that Mr. Yeats believed his own handbill, and we infer that he must be an exceedingly simple-minded person. It may be hoped that, if John Pugsley had asked some clergyman or magistrate of his neighbourhood what was meant by a "golden opportunity," he would have been told that nothing was meant. However, John Pugsley went to Assunguy and tested the meaning of this phrase for himself. He worked on the Curitiba road, earned about two pounds, made repeated applications for the money, but cannot get paid, although the debt is admitted by the authorities. He is, however, more fortunate than others, for his land is only three and a half miles from the centre of the colony, and he has about four acres cleared. He states that he suffered a great deal on first coming. The food issued from the Government stores was unobtainable, and he had to wait twelve months for land. This is pretty much what we should have expected, but it could hardly have been what John Pugsley expected, because Mr. Yeats's handbill announces that each member of the emigrant's family will receive two pounds on arrival and two shillings per day, together with tools, seeds, and necessities until their first crop is gathered. This indeed refers specially to Cananea, but we can hardly doubt that nearly the same representations were made as to Assunguy. The Brazilian Consul-General at Liverpool issued a notice stating that this colony possesses diamond, gold, and lead-mines, natural pastures and bituminous earth, produces nearly all the fruits of temperate climates and all the grains of tropical climates, and "commands a good port." This is a more precise and official mode of announcing Mr. Yeats's "golden opportunity." It suggests a possibility of prosperity about as likely to be attained by the individual emigrant as a purse of French gold was, by Pearmain or Appletree. We do not doubt that the colony possesses mines which are at least good enough to get up Companies about. Perhaps the less said about "bituminous earth" just now the better. Mr. Hunt remarks that any of the cereals mentioned in the notice, if planted, would infallibly run to grass, and the port which is said to be commanded can only be reached in a week by a loaded mule if the rivers are not flooded. The notice proceeds to set out certain "wise and able regulations" which had been issued by the Ministry of Agriculture of Brazil. These regulations promised a gratuitous donation of 3*l.* not only to the head of the family, but also to each member of it above ten years of age. It is also promised that, "if there are works to be done in the colony," the colonists will be employed in them if they desire it during the first six months. The official programme, therefore, does not differ widely from that of Mr. Yeats. He promised 2*l.* per head on arrival, and 2*s.* per day until the first harvest, without introducing the qualification "if there are works to be done." But an intending emigrant, if he thought at all, might think that there always would be such work on hand as road-making, clearing frontages, and building temporary houses, and he would fairly infer that work was promised enough to keep him until his own crops should ripen.

This expectation, indeed, has been fulfilled. Work has actually been provided for immigrants, and the only difficulty has been to get paid for it. The reply to their requests for payment was a reference to Curitiba, seventy miles distant. They could only approach the officials there by means of a "requerimento," or written request on stamped paper. They were unable to write Portuguese, being perhaps no great "scollards," as they would say, even in English. They had to pay 2*s.* 2*d.* to an amanuensis for this work, and 5*d.* for the stamp. The Brazilian financier who conceived the idea of making the creditors of Government pay a tax on dunning it commands our admiration. There is less novelty in the "requerimento," and one perceives that the English notion that you can have your money by asking for it is unsuitable to the country lying between 20° and 25° Lat. S. In old Spain or Portugal nobody would have expected any such thing, and why should it be expected in Brazil? Some colonists addressed various "requerimentos" without success and without reply. Many colonists walked hundreds of miles to the colonial centre and to Curitiba in vain, in order to obtain payment of small sums of money admitted to be due. It is a pity that nobody could explain to John Pugsley and his associates before they started that this is how they do things in Portugal and Spain, and probably in Brazil. The Consul-General made no misrepresentation, for he only meant to say that the colonists would have 2*s.* a day when they got it. Indeed this meaning is clearly shown by a note appended to the regulations. After stating the price of labour, it is added, "The living consists of beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork, fowls, ducks, potatoes, and various vegetables, &c. Beef costs 2½*d.*

to 4½*d.* per lb." The colony of Assunguy seems to resemble that part of Ireland where, as a native stated, a fowl could be bought for 6*d.*; but, being asked why he left a place where fowls were so cheap, he answered that he could never get 6*d.* to buy one. We might state without risk of contradiction that in England "the living consists" of beef, mutton, potatoes, and pudding, for those who can afford to buy them, and we do not doubt that there are parts of Brazil where beef can be bought for 2½*d.* to 4½*d.* per lb.; only these parts do not happen to be contiguous to the colony of Assunguy. The five hundred colonists who arrived in 1872 found, according to their own account, that they were half-starved, that the promised work on roads could not be obtained, that no land was to be had within reasonable distance of the colonial centre, and that colonists who had been there for years could not obtain payment for work actually done; so these five hundred colonists resolved to leave, and did so. Those persons on their return "taxed severely the generosity of the British mercantile community at Rio de Janeiro," which means, we suppose, that they arrived at that port destitute and nearly starved.

Having read Mr. Hunt's Report, it occurred to us to ask whether there are not means by which John Pugsley, or at any rate his educated neighbours, might obtain trustworthy information as to one or more colonies that would suit him. The answer to this question seems to be supplied by the *Colonization Circular*, issued by the Emigration Commissioners in September last, and sold for a shilling. This volume opens accidentally at page 41, which contains the following "general advice":—

Outdoor labourers from this country should, as a rule, avoid tropical countries, and the South American States, where the climate, the employments afforded by the staple productions, the want of easy access to markets, the language, the laws, and the habits and customs of the natives, present serious drawbacks.

It is remarkable how thoroughly this advice is confirmed by Mr. Hunt's Report, although the Commissioners did not need such information, as we find that in July 1872 they issued a "cautionary notice" against the emigration of British labourers to Brazil. It appears that the Brazilian Government spent a good deal of money on this emigration, and we may give this Government credit for intending to execute the "wise and able regulations" which it had framed, and for believing them to be sufficient. But the benevolent intentions of Governments are often disappointed. Any Brazilian colony would have been unsuitable for John Pugsley, and Assunguy was the most unsuitable of all. If they had put him high and dry on the tableland he might not have got much beef or mutton, but he might have lived. But they put him into a hole where a negro might have enjoyed life, but an Englishman could do no more than painfully exist. It is to be hoped that agricultural labourers, whether by "union" among themselves or by the old-fashioned method of consulting the parson and the squire, may be warned to avoid Brazil, at least until the Portuguese language is commonly taught in our village schools. In the meantime they may perhaps be content with Canada, where, as the Commissioners remark:—

The inducements to emigrate are not simply good wages and cheap living among kindred people in a naturally rich country, possessing a pleasant and healthy climate, but the confident prospect which the poorest may have of becoming a possessor of the soil, earning a comparative competence for himself, and comfortably settling his children.

We mention Canada because it is easily accessible; but any "good agricultural emigrant," such as the Brazilian Consul-General invited, may find his way to Australia or New Zealand, and do well there.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TEMPLE BAR.

THERE could hardly be a more striking illustration of the chances which are reserved for old and rickety institutions in this country than the history of Temple Bar. It has been repeatedly condemned as a dangerous nuisance, and yet it holds up its head, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, has its head held up for it, as proudly as ever. Swathed in splints and bandages, it bears itself with a self-complacent dignity that promises long life. It is true that some time ago things began to look rather black for it. It was not only that the rumours of its shakiness had revived with a new force—for after all, it was pretty well used to such stories, and had not found them do it much harm—but there really was an appearance of something being intended in the way of action by the City authorities. The Lord Mayor and the Corporation themselves were afraid to go through the arch as it stood, and it was almost a question whether it should be pulled down or buttressed up for Lord Mayor's Day. The more tender counsel prevailed. Temple Bar has been set up on crutches, and has probably entered upon the enjoyment of a long new lease of life. At a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers the other day at Guildhall, a rash member called attention to the state of the Bar. He declared that the structure was evidently a very dangerous one, and that in the opinion of scientific men it stood upon so fragile and shifty a foundation that it was not unlikely that the whole thing—Bar and supports—might some day come down together. He added that the obstruction to the traffic was patent to every one, and that by removing it from seven to eight feet of space would be thrown into the public way at a place where additional space was greatly wanted. He wound up by moving that "Temple Bar was a dangerous obstruction to the public traffic" and "an eyesore," and that it should be suggested to the Corporation that it ought

to be removed without delay. But nobody would second his motion, and so it fell to the ground. Meanwhile the Corporation is understood to have the subject under consideration, and it seems to be agreed that not a stone of the Bar is to be touched until it has been finally decided what is to be substituted for it. It may be said that before anything can be substituted the Bar itself must be taken away; but this is not the sort of logic that has much effect in the City. Now that Temple Bar has obtained a respite, it has many chances in its favour. In the first place, it may be supposed that now that it has been patched and propped up there is no risk of its tumbling on the people below, and consequently no reason for present alarm. By and by it will perhaps be found that the timber framework is rather an embellishment than otherwise, and that it adds, if not exactly to the beauty of the structure, at least to the general quaintness of effect.

There is a well-known story of the people of Cologne, who, pending the long-delayed completion of their cathedral, had become so accustomed to the rusty old crane, so familiar to the eyes of tourists, on the top of one of the towers, that when it happened to be blown down one evening in a gale they raised a public subscription to replace it, although it had been idle for an untold number of years, and there was no immediate prospect of making any use of it. They missed the familiar object, and could not make up their minds to part with it. It had, in fact, become part of the cathedral, and many old folks no doubt must have deeply regretted when, the building fund becoming more prosperous, the reconstruction of the edifice was gone on with, and no place left for the crane. In a similar way people in London will perhaps get in time so used to Temple Bar in its dilapidated condition that, if it happened to be burnt or shaken down, steps would be at once taken to rebuild it, not in its earliest, but in its latest, style. For ourselves we have no particular ill-will to the old Bar. Though never at its best a very lovely object, it gives a certain character to what would be otherwise a mean and shabby street, and any variation from the ordinary commonplace of street architecture in London may be welcomed. At the same time even persons of the most sentimental order do not care to run the risk of being crushed by a falling arch. In fact, a sense of safety has a good deal to do with an appreciation of the picturesque, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out in the case of Highland landscapes, the beauty of which is much more obvious now that the traveller has not to keep a sharp look-out for a falling crag or a marauder in ambush. Moreover, though there might be some excuse for the original ugliness of the structure, there can be none for the elaborately hideous aspect which has now been given to it. It is wonderful how people can go through Temple Bar day after day, and not be struck by its extreme dirtiness and squalor, splashed thick with mud, and bolstered up with rough timber. Yet this has already been its condition for some months, and there is at present no prospect of any change. It is curious that the chief Radical of the day should be responsible for the saying about driving omnibuses through Temple Bar, which has been of so much service to Conservative statesmen. It is possible that Mr. Bright's remark may have had its effect in prolonging the existence of an obstruction which offers so happy an excuse for convenient procrastination. It is evident, however, that if there were no Bar, the difficulty about the omnibuses would be at an end, and some people may think that the natural course would be to remove the block and let the traffic through. It is no doubt a sound rule to let old things alone unless they are really mischievously in the way; but any one can see for himself how much Temple Bar in its present shape does stand in the way, and except as a barrier it has no use to justify its preservation.

It would appear that the great security for any old institution or custom lies in the familiarity of the criticisms and attacks which are made on it. When it is said, for instance, that Temple Bar is ugly and rather rickety, it strikes most people as rather a stale and commonplace remark. It is like telling a man he has a nose on his face. Consequently attention is not arrested on the subject, and a busy man may pass under the Bar every day of his life without thinking in the least of its peculiarities. The fact is that these peculiarities are part of the thing itself, and people get accustomed to them as such. In one sense, this sort of tolerance is no doubt reasonable enough. When anything has lasted for a very long time, and people have got used to it, it may be presumed that, whatever its defects, they are not of a very aggravated character, and that it is just possible that more harm may be done by touching it than by letting it alone. The fool in the fable would not take the nail out of his shoe because he had got accustomed to it, but perhaps he was not such a fool as the philosopher thought him. If it was not a very troublesome nail, it might be better to bear it than to endure the torture of brand-new shoes that pinched all round. There is often a sort of spurious comfort in an old worry which it would be a poor bargain to exchange for the fret and strain of an unfamiliar exasperation. Like other forms of prudence, however, this reluctance to meddle with old things may be carried too far. Whether Temple Bar stands or falls is not perhaps a very important matter; but there are some other less respectable institutions which prolong a noxious existence on similar grounds. This is the case, for example, with the rookeries, which a partial attempt is now being made to put down. The rookeries have been denounced so often and so persistently that everybody knows all about them by heart, and fresh denunciations produce hardly any effect. Nothing

is better for an old-standing abuse than to be well attacked, if it can only get over it; afterwards all the evil that is said of it goes by like a tale that is told. This is one of the chronic perils which attend well-meant efforts at Parliamentary legislation. In order to get the question to the front, it is necessary to make a good deal of talk about it; the newspapers are full of it; there are debates in Parliament about it, and the whole subject is pretty well exhausted. After this a kind of lull sets in; little difficulties crop up; the Bill perhaps is lost in the massacre of innocents at the end of the Session; and when it turns up again in another year, all the freshness has passed from it, people are intent on something else, and the old stories of abuses are treated as if they had already been discounted and were done with. It is astonishing, as well as discouraging, to reflect how long an old-standing scandal will sometimes survive in this way, simply through people exhausting their stock of surprise and indignation and getting used to the black side of the matter. The moral for an assailant in such a case would seem to be to avoid harping too much on the subject when there is no prospect of anything being done; but, when once an impression has been produced, to follow it up closely and persistently, so as to leave no time for the usual reaction.

REVIEWS.

BOSSUET AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

WE are always glad to welcome a fresh work from the graceful pen of the author of *A Dominican Artist*. And the fact that not only is there no popular Life of Bossuet to be found in France, as we are told in the preface, but, so far as we are aware, no Life of him at all in English, gives an additional interest to the present volume. Bossuet, if not the most attractive or saintly, is indubitably one of the grandest figures in later ecclesiastical history, and his long career is so indissolubly connected with the grandest period of that Gallican Church which is now unfortunately a thing of the past, that the one can never be handled apart from the other. He has even been styled, by a permissible anachronism, "the last of the Fathers," though this description is apt to be misleading; for, with all his greatness, he was pre-eminently the product and teacher of his own age and country. If he may be called in one sense the creator and prophet of Gallicanism, it is at least equally true that the historical and national conditions to which Gallicanism owed its peculiar character made him what he was. He lived, as his biographer observes, in an atmosphere of controversy, as the champion of Catholicism against the Protestants, of the national Church against the Papacy, and of what he considered the orthodox doctrine against dissentients within his own communion. Nor can it be denied that the circumstances which helped to develop his genius were not without an injurious effect on his moral and spiritual character, as was only too abundantly illustrated in one critical transaction of his life. But he may well claim a generous consideration for faults which sprang rather from excess of zeal and defective power of sympathy—for there was a certain hardness about his nature—than from any selfish source, and against which he does seem to have struggled. It is always an ungracious task to "rake up the relics of the sinful dust" of the world's greatest men, and posterity has generally been content in dealing with Bossuet to follow the noble example set by Fénelon in his lifetime.

Manifold as were his capacities, Bossuet's reputation rests chiefly on his oratorical power and his vast range of learning, which appears to have included almost the entire circle of contemporary knowledge, with one significant exception. For mathematics he always had a distaste, though no disrespect, and he considered it an unprofitable study for ecclesiastics. For the classics, and especially for Homer, he had an enthusiastic admiration, and he could repeat most of the Iliad and Odyssey by heart. His genius, as is generally the case, manifested itself at a very early age. He was but a youth of sixteen at the Collège de Navarre when the Marquis de Feuquières sent for him one night to the Hôtel de Rambouillet and bade him pronounce a discourse on a topic selected for him, which he did, after a short interval for collecting his thoughts, with such a flow of eloquence as completely took his brilliant auditory by storm. Not long afterwards the Bishop of Lisieux made him preach before a select audience of bishops and learned persons, and De Rancé, who was present, used to tell how the Bishop observed, as Bossuet left the room:—"That young fellow will be one of the greatest lights of the Church hereafter." At the age of twenty he delivered his thesis for the Bachelor's degree on the Existence and Attributes of God and the Immortality of the Soul, in the presence of Condé, who became thenceforth one of his dearest friends. From that time his vocation as an orator was decided, and his numerous friends and admirers lost no opportunity of pushing him to the front. At twenty-four, just before receiving priest's orders, he was appointed Archdeacon of Metz, and three years later appeared his first work, the *Refutation of the Catechism of Ferry*, a Protestant minister in that city, with whom it is pleasant to be able to add that he lived both before and afterwards on terms of friendship and mutual respect. In this early work he already lays down the doctrine which he so strenuously

* *Bossuet and his Contemporaries*. By the Author of "A Dominican Artist," &c. &c. London: Kingtons.

maintained in after life of the infallibility of the Church but not of the Pope, whose "authority" is however recognized within certain limits. We will not enter here on the Jansenist controversy further than to say that Bossuet's conduct, so far as he had to deal with it, contrasts very favourably with that of other leading men in the French hierarchy. One of the Port Royal nuns, who had consented to sign the obnoxious formulary and afterwards retracted her subscription, was brought before Archbishop Péréfixe, their bitter persecutor, who addressed her angrily:—

"Monseigneur," *Sœur Thérèse* immediately answered, "such troubles cause the heart to bleed;" and then, catching an expression of tenderness and sympathy on Bossuet's countenance, she added, "If not sanguinary marks, they are at all events very painful and hard to bear. We have been as good as dead to one another for the last ten months, and God only knows all that we have suffered."

"It is true, quite true," burst from Bossuet's lips, whose upright spirit of justice and fairness had evidently suffered under his Archbishop's line of action. This apparently was Bossuet's last appearance among them. He was too independent in character and too generous in heart to be an efficient supporter of Archbishop Péréfixe's tyranny, and later on, when we consider his own dealings, as one in authority, with rebellious Religious, we shall find a very different course adopted. In 1667, the opening discourse of the Synod of Paris, the first held there since 1620, was committed to the well-known preacher.

The chapter on Bossuet's life as preceptor of the Dauphin is a very interesting one, chiefly from the light it throws on his personal character, as contrasted, e.g., with Fénelon's, who at a subsequent period held a similar position. He was an excellent and most conscientious teacher, but it is clear that he failed to interest his royal pupil or win his affections. It was during this period that the famous *Discourse on Universal History* was mainly composed, though, as Sainte-Beuve remarks, it was "addressed more to posterity than to his indolent and inattentive pupil." In a summary of French history which he also compiled for the Dauphin's use it is worth noting that "a zealous Huguenot could scarcely speak of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew with never emphatic abhorrence, or with less mind to justify in any degree that atrocious wickedness." Bossuet however found himself in a more congenial sphere as Bishop of Meaux than as tutor to the young prince, and it was here, in the strict and energetic discharge of his pastoral duties, that he exhibited most strikingly his lofty qualities of head and heart. Literary avocations were never with him made an excuse for neglecting practical work, nor had he any of that contempt for little things which is sometimes absurdly thought a sign of greatness of mind, but is usually a mere form of affectation. And, considering the intolerance and coarse inhumanity of the age, when ladies like Mme. de Sévigné could joke over the hideous details of a public execution by burning, it is certainly to Bossuet's credit that no military execution took place during his episcopate in the town or diocese of Meaux. Persecution of Protestants was the order of the day, but Bossuet, notwithstanding his stern character and somewhat rigid views, did his utmost to secure them as much liberty as was possible under the existing law, and more than once interfered for the protection of those who had incurred severe penalties by their violation of it. The following passage gives an interesting account of his ordinary manner of life:—

Some of his personal habits were peculiar. From the time he left the Court, Bossuet made it a habit to get up during the night for devotion and study. He always kept a lamp burning in his room for this purpose, even when travelling; and after a few hours' sleep on first going to bed, he used to get up, alike in summer and winter, however sharp the cold might be. Two dressing-gowns, and a sort of bag made of bearskin, into which he used to get and draw round his waist, met this difficulty; and thus armed, the Bishop of Meaux used to say Matins and Lauds amid the stillness of night, and that done, he went to his literary work. Everything was put ready over-night, and so he betook himself to his books and papers for as long a time as his brain worked clearly and vigorously. When he began to feel that exhausted, he used to lie down again, and would fall asleep at once. This continued to be his daily custom until, towards the close of his life, Bossuet's physicians insisted on his giving up the work, and thenceforth he went back to bed after he had finished his devotions. These active habits account in some measure for the enormous quantity of work he was able to get through; moreover, he never lost a moment voluntarily, and he used to excuse himself from all the ordinary visits and formalities which so greatly hinder a busy man. Time was not, however, retrenched from prayer. His family was always gathered together for household prayer, and he was diligent in saying Office, though he did not make it a rule to attend all the Cathedral offices, except on Saturdays, when he generally went to Vespers, and he was always there on Sundays, both at High Mass, Vespers, and Sermon.

The two principal controversies in which Bossuet was engaged were that with Rome on the Gallican Liberties, and the Quietist controversy with Fénelon and Mme. Guyon. The main points contended for in the former dispute were the independence of the royal authority, the jurisdiction of bishops as held direct from Christ, and the supreme authority of Councils over Popes. We cannot enter into the history of the matter here, but it may be worth while, in view of questions raised in our own day, to cite from these pages the text of the famous Four Articles of 1682, accepted by the French Assembly of Clergy and the Parliament, which were drawn up by Bossuet. They are of course in direct contradiction to the Vatican Decrees:—

I.

That St. Peter and his successors, Vicars of Jesus Christ, and the whole Church herself, have only received power of God in things spiritual, and pertaining to eternal salvation, not in things civil or temporal, the Lord Himself having said, "My Kingdom is not of this world," and also "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's;" as also firmly declareth the Apostle, "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers: for there is no power but of God; the

powers that be are ordained of God: whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God." Therefore kings and princes are in nowise subjected by God's appointment to any ecclesiastical power in temporal things; neither can the authority of the Keys of the Church directly or indirectly depose them, or their subjects be dispensed from the obedience and fidelity of their oaths to the same; and this doctrine we affirm to be necessary for the maintenance of public peace, no less profitable to the Church than to the State, and to be everywhere and every way observed as agreeable to the Word of God, to the tradition of the Fathers, and the example of the Saints.

II.

That the full powers held by the Holy Apostolic See and the successors of St. Peter, as Vicars of Christ, in spiritual things, are the same as the decrees of the holy Œcumenical Council of Constance, put forth in its IV. and V. Sessions, which were approved by the Holy Apostolic See, confirmed by the practice of all the Church and of the Roman Pontiffs, and religiously observed at all times by the Gallican Church; that they abide in full force, and that the Gallican Church does not uphold those who would impugn their authority, or say that they were only adopted by the Council at a time of schism.

III.

That thus the use of the Apostolic power is to be moderated according to the canons inspired of God's Holy Spirit, and consecrated by the whole world's reverence; so that the rules, uses, and institutions generally received in the kingdom and the Gallican Church be maintained, and the boundaries fixed by our fathers remain unaltered; inasmuch as it pertains to the dignity of the Holy Apostolic See that the laws and customs confirmed by the consent of that See and of the Churches should be established firmly.

IV.

And that although the Pope has a chief voice in matters of faith, and his decrees concern all Churches, nevertheless his judgment is not unalterable, except with the consent of the Church.

We send these maxims received of our Fathers to all the Churches of France, and to the Bishops who preside over them, as commissioned by the Holy Ghost, in order that we may all decree and say the same thing, and hold the like doctrine in the like sense.

In the correspondence on Reunion which took place at a later period between Bossuet and Leibnitz, the latter observes that "we are indebted to France for having preserved the liberty of the Church against the infallibility of the Popes, without which I believe the greater part of the West would be already under their yoke." The result of the subsequent collapse of the Gallican Church has gone far to justify his discernment.

Over the other great controversy of Bossuet's life we would gladly, for his own sake, draw a veil. The subject itself indeed is one which will only be intelligible to a select few, but the entire Church and Court of France were involved in the conflict, and the fierce animosities it evoked contrast strangely enough with the obscurity of the questions at issue. The historical interest is almost wholly concentrated on the personal incidents of the long struggle, and Bossuet's personal behaviour throughout, whatever may be thought of his theological attitude, was not only violent, but conspicuously ungenerous and unjust. That his nephew, the Abbé Bossuet, who managed matters at Rome, behaved much worse than he did is true; but then the Abbé was a mere selfish parasite and place-hunter, with no character to lose, "the petty nephew of a great uncle," as De Maistre calls him; and of the uncle we might have expected better things. Fénelon, on the other hand, conducted himself from first to last with the unaffected meekness and charity of a saint. We must leave our readers to study the ugly but instructive details of the controversy in these pages, but one aspect of the affair cannot be altogether passed over. It illustrates in a manner more remarkable than edifying the practical working—we will not say of Papal infallibility, for possibly the decision may be held by "minimizers"—to be short of infallible—but anyhow of the Court of Rome. Innocent XII. was a good man, and was personally favourable to Fénelon's views, but the King of France was resolved on Fénelon's condemnation, and condemned accordingly he was, though not till after a wearisome tissue of delays and intrigues. When the Censors appointed to examine the *Maxims of the Saints* had held sixty-five sittings, half their number pronounced it deserving of no censure whatever, but the Pope, who fully agreed with their opinion, was obliged, under pressure from France, to refer back the final decision to the Holy Office. Louis XIV. was getting impatient by this time, and sent a letter to the Pope—too probably composed by Bossuet—in which he "demanded" the prompt condemnation of the book in terms more stringent than deferential. At length a brief was prepared condemning the Quietist doctrine, but avoiding any direct censure of Fénelon, whereupon another and still more peremptory royal missive was despatched from the eldest son of the Church, who instructed the infallible Pontiff on his duties in the following trenchant fashion; the dispute, be it remembered, was on strictly theological subjects:—

"His Majesty has heard with astonishment and grief" (so it says) "that after all his urgency, and after the many promises of His Holiness, repeated through his Nuncio, that a precise decision should cut vigorously at the root of the evil caused throughout his kingdom by the Archbishop of Cambrai's book—now when everything seemed to be concluded, and when this book is acknowledged to be full of errors by all the Cardinals and by the Pope himself, its partisans should bring forward a fresh project which would render all past deliberations useless, and renew the whole dispute." The document goes on to dissect and demolish the proposal,—winding up with a threat that if the Pontiff should actually fall into "such grievous weakness," His Majesty would "neither receive nor authorise in his kingdom anything but what he had asked, and what had been promised him,—namely, a clear and precise judgment" (i.e. condemnation) "of the book which has thrown his kingdom into a state of combustion." The letter winds up with the significant threat: "If His Majesty sees the matter, which he believed at an end, prolonged by wiles which he does not understand, he will know

what it befalls him to do, and will take *des résolutions convenables*, although meanwhile he hopes that His Holiness will not reduce him to such grievous extremities."

Innocent obeyed, though greatly annoyed, and a brief was issued condemning Fénelon, whom yet the Pope spoke of in private as "piissimo, santissimo, dottissimo." After Fénelon's submission—which it is easier to admire than to explain—the Pope commissioned Cardinal Albani to draw up a brief expressing his respect and esteem for him, but this again he was compelled, under dictation from the French Court, to suppress. It is a pitiful story all through, and reflects small credit on any of those concerned, with one brilliant exception. Into the question which has since been raised by Lord Acton as to Fénelon's real sentiments the author does not enter here, but we are glad to see that she promises a separate Life of the Archbishop of Cambrai, where it will of course be discussed. It may perhaps be pleaded in excuse for Bossuet that there was something antipathetic in the intellectual and moral nature of the two prelates which made it impossible for them to understand each other. Yet this had not prevented their being friends originally, and did not prevent Fénelon's entertaining and expressing to the last a sincere appreciation of the lofty qualities of his successful rival.

Where there is so much to praise it seems almost ungracious to add a word of blame, but in this, as in earlier works from the same hand, there is a carelessness of writing, or more probably of correcting the press, especially as regards Latin quotations, to which it is only fair to call the author's attention, as a serious blemish. To note but a few instances hastily collected, we have in one place "Louis XVI." for Louis XIV.; in another we read "Maria Theresa of Austria, who we shall soon find becoming," &c., while in a later page the Abbé Bossuet is angry with his friends, "whom he thought played him false," the nominative and accusative changing places unaccountably in the two passages. Elsewhere we read of "the four Jansenist propositions," meaning of course the five; while the document by which Fénelon was condemned is called alternately a "brief" and a "bull" through many successive pages, as though the terms were synonymous, although we had been reminded at the outset of the fundamental difference between the two, and of the Pope's determination to adopt the less solemn form out of regard for the illustrious victim. And, to give but two examples of Latin extracts, we have "consanguinem" for "consanguineus" in one place, and "ecclesiasticum reunionem" in another. There are other signs in this volume occasionally of hurried composition, which in justice both to herself and her readers a writer usually so graceful as well as accurate would do well to guard against for the future. We shall look with much interest for the Life of Fénelon, in which she will probably find a more entirely congenial theme.

BELL AND SKEAT'S CHATTERTON.*

NOT long ago we had before us an extravagant and ill-judged panegyric of Chatterton, and it was impossible to deal out the needful measure of justice upon that performance and at the same time to do justice to Chatterton himself. The present edition of his works comes conveniently after this to afford a far more satisfactory occasion. The memoir prefixed to these volumes is concise and reasonable, and Mr. Skeat's work removes the difficulty which we indicated as chiefly standing in the way of readers who desire to form a fair judgment of Chatterton's poetry. The acknowledged poems may be dismissed as inferior productions, though showing plenty of fluency and readiness. With very few exceptions, they merely represent the tone and taste of the current light writing of the time, which were about as bad as could be; and, but for critical purposes, one would think them hardly worth re-editing. The interest of the works and the fame of the writer spring from the forged antiques known as the Rowley Poems. A certain amount of ethical discussion, on which we do not propose to enter, has been expended on Chatterton's conduct in this respect. The forgeries might well seem innocent enough on the simple ground of being too manifest to deceive anybody, were it not for the fact that they did at the time deceive a great many persons who were supposed to be competent judges. The poems were, in fact, written in a unique dialect of Chatterton's own invention, arrived at in a manner which Mr. Skeat has for the first time fairly worked out. It consists of a certain proportion of old words rightly used (Mr. Skeat says these are not more than seven per cent.), a great number of old words and forms wrongly used, and a considerable number of imaginary words, which last are partly due to traceable blunders, and partly, for all that appears, to pure invention. These elements are further disguised by a pseudo-antique spelling of the wildest kind, wholly unlike the genuine spelling of any period of old English, but to which some sort of parallel may be found by turning to the Revised Statutes for the time of Henry VIII. The disguise stops at this point; the words are put together so as to express modern thoughts in sentences of perfectly modern construction and verses of perfectly modern rhythm and metre. Quite apart from any matters of verbal or grammatical criticism, the eighteenth-century tone and structure of the whole thing are unmistakable, and, without any recourse to English scholarship or philology, it now seems incredible that people who

had even read Shakspeare with any attention could be persuaded that these poems belonged to an earlier century. To a person who knows nothing of early English this artificial dialect is hopelessly puzzling; to a person who does know anything of it it is distracting and irritating, and indeed has something of the effect of a profane parody. We formerly remarked on this as being a very serious obstacle to the reading of Chatterton with an even mind, so as to consider him fairly on his own merits. Mr. Skeat has been fully sensible of this difficulty, and has met it by what are under the circumstances the only possible means, though the remedy is a somewhat heroic one. He first summarily points out why no other method would do. The poems might have been printed in the original form with full critical notes, but that would have been beyond human patience. It would have been still simpler of course to have followed old editors in reprinting the text with merely compiled notes, but "there has been far too much of this already." Another way would have been to reduce the poems to the genuine spelling of the fifteenth century, which, if the poems were genuine, would be the right way, but, as they are not genuine, is impracticable. The only way which remains is to reduce the spelling and also the words as far as possible to modern English, and this is what Mr. Skeat has done. In spite of the precautions Chatterton took against leaving marks of his work in its earlier stages, there are ample indications that, as a rule, he composed the Rowley poems in modern English and turned them afterwards into Rowleian, as Mr. Skeat conveniently calls it, at his leisure; and where Chatterton himself has explained words in footnotes, it may fairly be supposed that the word in the note is the original. The modernizing of real old poems is a thing which can hardly ever be justified, and, for the most part, can hardly be too much condemned; but the same process applied to the false Rowley is not only an improvement, but is, in truth, a restoration. We extract two of the most striking stanzas of *Aella* as now edited in English:—

When Autumn sere and sunburnt doth appear,
With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf,
When all the hills with woody seed are white,
When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the sight;

When the fair apples, red as evening sky,
Do bend the tree unto the fruitful ground,
When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
Do dance in air, and call the eyes around;
Then, be the evening foul, or be it fair,
Methinks my heart's delight is mingled with some care.

One can see without difficulty that these are really fine lines, and for a boy of Chatterton's age quite astonishing. And here is a passage of blank verse. (The use of blank verse, by the way, would of itself be conclusive as to the modern authorship):—

Enter a Messenger.

Mea. Cease your contentions, chiefs; for, as I stood
Upon my watch, I spied an army coming,
Not like a handful of a frightened foe,
But black with armour, moving terribly,
Like a black full cloud, that doth go along
To drop in hail, and hides the thunder-storm.

Mag. Are there many of them?

Mea. Thick as the ant-flies in a summer's noon,
Seeming as though they sting as sharply too.

These again are unquestionably fine lines, and show a vigour and energy which must have borne considerable fruit if the writer had lived, though it would be hazardous to conjecture what might have been the precise direction and amount of his poetical development. The reader who cares to see from what form this has been transmuted will not have much difficulty in seeing it in any other edition. It is enough to say that he will find the passage to begin "Blyne your contekions." A few lines above there is a brilliantly coined adjective which Mr. Skeat has judiciously suppressed:—"Thou beest a worm so *groffile* and so small" ("so grovelling and small" in the present edition). Mr. Skeat suggests, and probably with truth, that the Rowley poems, although much discussed and talked about, have, in consequence of these extraordinary disguises, been really very little read as poetry.

Mr. Skeat has not confined his work to substituting modern English for the existing (for reasons above given we do not say original) Rowleian. It had been abundantly shown that the dialect was an artificial farrago quite unlike the real English of any time; but no one had been at the pains to make out systematically how Chatterton in fact produced it. Mr. Skeat has done this, and the result is a critical study of considerable interest. He runs through the leading indications of spuriousness—wrong metres, wrong rimes (so Mr. Skeat writes it with laudable courage), wrong prosody, wrongly coined words, anachronisms, and obvious imitations of modern poets. Touching this last point, he shows that the stanza in which *Aella* is written is simply the Spenserian stanza with a change of structure designed to save rhymes and trouble. He then proceeds to show that, although Chatterton had Speght's Chaucer in his possession for some time, he knew next to nothing of Chaucer at first hand; and as for that Saxon language which Walpole, in his first highly respectful answer to Chatterton's communication, "had not the happiness of understanding," Chatterton's knowledge of it consisted of a bare dozen of words taken hastily, it seems, from the beginning of a glossary, for, with very few exceptions, they belong to the early part of A. After these preliminaries, we come to Mr. Skeat's actual result, which is that Chatterton's Rowleian is constructed

* *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton*. With an Essay on the Rowley Poems by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., and a Memoir by Edward Bell, M.A. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons. 1875.

wholly by means of Kersey's and Bailey's Dictionaries. The evidence appears to be perfectly conclusive. We have an acknowledged letter of Chatterton's full of long words such as *etiology* and *mysterismus*, all of which, even to a mis-spelling, are taken from Kersey. The same is found to be true of the Rowley poems. Many of the eccentricities of Rowley are explained by Chatterton's having followed the mistakes or misprints of these Dictionaries. Thus *heck* means a *rack* for hay; Kersey, in explaining the word, misprints *rack* as *rock*; Chatterton takes this as he finds it, and thereupon *heck* stands for *rock* in the Rowley dialect. Mr. Skeat's conjecture as to Chatterton's actual method is best given in his own words:—

As might be expected, mistakes abound. Chatterton's probable method of proceeding was this. He obtained a copy of Kersey, ticketed off all the words marked O. (old) that took his fancy, and then entered them, for convenience, in *reverse order* in a note-book; thus, "*Comfort, cherisaneui,*" and so on. The great weakness of this system is that haste or forgetfulness may lead to curious results. For example, Kersey has "*To gare (O.), to cause.*" If this be hastily entered as "*Cause, gare,*" it is not quite easy to tell whether *cause* is a verb or a substantive. This accounts for a mistake which Chatterton actually made, and that not once only; see p. 21, note, and p. 62, note g. One more example of this may be instructive. Kersey has "*Lined (O.), bounded;*" by which he means bounded or encircled by a list. But suppose this entered as "*Bounded, lissed.*" It is then left ambiguous; for to *bound* might mean to leap or jump about. Accordingly, Chatterton so uses it more than once.

Besides the words literally copied in this way from the glossaries, we have words with the spelling or terminations capriciously altered, and some words which seem to be mere invention. *Demasing* (=considering) is a fair specimen of these. Sometimes Chatterton made curious grammatical mistakes in using his authorities. Finding the infinitive *kepen* in the Dictionary, he took it for a variant stem, and formed upon it a new past-participle *kepene*=*kept*. Still more curious is *tere*, on which Mr. Skeat notes as follows:—

Muscle. This is a most ingenious coinage. Bailey gives "*Teres major*, a round smooth muscle of the arm," &c. Hence Chatterton forms a singular noun *tere* as if from a plural *teres*.

Some of the things mentioned in the Rowley poems are nearly, if not quite, as fictitious as the words. Besides those instanced by Mr. Skeat, there occur in a poem called "*The Tournament*" an "*iron-woven bow*," and in the "*Battle of Hastings*" a "*brazen cross-bow*," both mere impossibilities. And there are some other sufficiently doubtful weapons and pieces of armour. But the reader can find any number of these curiosities for himself.

The principal claim which this edition puts forward, and which we think is fully justified, is that of making Chatterton really accessible to those who have not the means or the leisure to study him critically. In reading the Rowley poems it is somewhat difficult to bear in mind Chatterton's extreme youth when he wrote them; but of course much allowance ought to be made for this and for other drawbacks. We do not think the poems deserve in themselves the extreme praise which has sometimes been bestowed upon them; they are diffuse, unequal, and mostly careless; in short, they have the faults one would expect them to have under the circumstances. We must regard them as a curious episode in the history of literature rather than as literature itself, as the evidence of unfulfilled promise rather than as performances; and as such they will always retain an interest of a peculiar, and for some tempers a fascinating, kind.

SIME'S SCHOOL HISTORY OF GERMANY.*

"WHAT is the German's Fatherland?" asks the poet, and the names of half-a-dozen different States and districts are enumerated before he gets the comprehensive reply which satisfies him. The task of compressing into a school epitome the history of these various States, which have little to connect them beyond the common name of German, the feeble bond of the Holy Roman Empire or of the Confederation, and the popular yearning for unity, is certainly no enviable one; but, difficult as the undertaking is, Mr. Sime has in great measure succeeded in it. The student who may read through this little book will at any rate leave off with a distinct idea of German history, and this alone is high praise. The volume not only bears the name of Mr. Freeman as editor, but has also, as he informs us, had the further advantage of revision by Mr. A. W. Ward, "than whom England can supply no one better fitted to deal with matters of German History of all dates"; and thus Mr. Sime's work comes before the world with a double guarantee for its general accuracy. As an outline of the political history and condition of the country it is clear, definite, and simple, more particularly in the earlier parts, which, to our thinking, are the best in the book, as they certainly are the most interesting. The sketch of the ancient Germans—the fierce, free-spirited, truthful race of warriors, inclined to be indolent when there was nothing to call out their dormant energies, and addicted to drinking and gambling, in whose virtues and vices alike we trace the groundwork of the English character rather than of the modern German—is well drawn. Their social condition—the village communities, the Meetings of the people; the class divisions of nobles, freemen, *liti*, and slaves; the prince with his devoted Comitatus

or Gefolge, the King sprung from the line of the Gods, yet owing his authority to the election of the people—is clearly brought before the student. The period of the Salic Code follows, with its great increase, due perhaps to the influence of Roman ideas, of the Royal power; the King "already become the central element in the constitution"; the old noble class replaced by the new nobles who hold office of the King or form part of his Comitatus. Thence the reader passes on to the combination of Roman and Teutonic ideas from which sprang the system of feudal tenures, to the effacement of the mighty Merovingian Kings by the fierholders of their own creation, and the rise of the Mayor of the Palace. Then comes the Empire, whose fortunes for a thousand years are fully and clearly traced, from the coronation of Charles the Great in St. Peter's down to the beginning of the present century, when it ended with the resignation of Francis II. How the connexion between the German Kingdom and the Roman Empire worked, how it roused the feeling of German nationality among the disunited German tribes which hitherto had hardly thought of themselves as one people, and yet how at the same time it prevented Germany from being welded into a firm monarchy like France and England, is well brought out. The scholar is cautioned against confounding this defunct Empire with the new one of our own days, which "is the restoration of the old German Kingdom rather than of the Holy Roman Empire"; and the author, leaving the province of the historian for that of the prophet, looks into the future and declares that Germany is in no danger of being Prussianized:—

Some fear lest Prussia should become too powerful, and the various German States be moulded too much after one pattern. But influences remain to prevent such a result. All the States are united under one head for great national ends; but each has a certain individuality of its own, whose roots are in some cases to be found in the distant past. Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, Saxony, and the other minor States have each a history as distinct, although not so important, as that of Prussia. Unity, which patriots so long strove to win, has been obtained; but it will always be unity in variety.

The account of the League of the Eidgenossen—in later phrase the Swiss League—and its relations with the Empire, the Dukes of Austria, and Charles of Burgundy, may be recommended to the attention of that large class of people whose knowledge of Swiss history consists in some vague ideas of Gessler, William Tell, Anne of Geierstein, and generally of a set of simple and unsophisticated mountaineers who held their own against tyrannical Emperors and Dukes. That a good deal of the book is dry reading must be admitted. Even the author himself confesses frankly that after the Peace of Westphalia the history of the States of Germany "is for a long time very uninteresting." It is not in human power to make any one, save a German, take an interest in the Confederation or the Frankfurt Diet; neither will the Schleswig-Holstein question, however well explained, ever be an attractive subject. Almost the only period in which ordinary people feel any strong interest is the Reformation, and with this Mr. Sime has dealt as well as his circumstances would allow. Obligated to adopt a cold and cautious tone, and to ignore as much as possible every spiritual element in the controversy, the writer of a book intended for general use in schools cannot but fail to give a really adequate and vivid idea of a great religious movement. The attitude of Charles V. towards the Reformation is well conceived and expressed, though perhaps Ultramontaness would hardly let the assumption that a man may have no love for the Papacy as a secular power, and yet be a sincere Catholic, pass unreviewed:—

Meanwhile, Charles V. had been elected King of the Romans. Luther's party waited anxiously to see on which side he would declare himself. Luther even sent him a letter, urging him to see to the reformation of the Church. Had Charles joined the reforming party, the whole future history of Germany would have been different; but it was hardly possible that he should do so. He had no love for the Papacy as a secular power, as he repeatedly proved during his long reign. But he was a sincere Catholic. Besides, he had more of the old Imperial feeling than had been displayed by any Emperor or King of the Romans for a long time. He looked on himself as raised far above all other earthly rulers, and wished to bring back the Empire to its old grandeur. But if he were to be an Emperor, in the sense that Charles the Great, Otto I., and Henry III. were Emperors, he was bound to support the Church, for the Church and the Empire rested on the same foundations, and it was the highest duty and privilege of the secular ruler of the world to defend the spiritual ruler against all his enemies. Charles, therefore, did not hesitate as to which side he should take in the great struggle which had now begun, and which threatened to divide Germany into two parties far more widely separated from each other than *Welfs* and *Waiblings* in the old days. He would uphold the Church, and make it great and strong as he intended to make the Empire.

The best piece of narrative in the later part of the book is the account of the Seven Years' War, in which the writer's appreciation of the Great Frederick's skill and tenacity has given more spirit than usual to his style; but, on the whole, the modern part of the History is hardly up to the standard of the earlier portion. The chapters headed "*The Fall of the Empire*" and "*The Struggle with Buonaparte*" would in many places be barely intelligible without an independent knowledge of history. For instance, in the notices of Napoleon Buonaparte, when "the French Emperor" first appears in the narrative, there is nothing to show who he was, or how he got there. In proof of Buonaparte's contempt for the rights of other nations, we are told that "the territory of the Empire was violated in 1804 by the seizure of the Duke of Enghien, but the Diet adjourned to avoid interference in the matter." Who the Duke of Enghien was, and how, and where, and why he was seized, and how this seizure violated the territory of the Empire, are all left unexplained. Nay, there is nothing in the text, except the chronological improbability

* *Historical Course for Schools.* Edited by Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L. *History of Germany.* By James Sime, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

bility, to show distinctly that the person called "Bonaparte" and "the French Emperor," who was overthrown at Waterloo, was not identical with "the Emperor Napoleon," who drank a yet deeper draught of the cup of humiliation at Sedan. "Mediatized free cities," a term which nobody can be expected to understand by the light of nature, are mentioned without any explanation. It would be desirable also to have a clearer account of the Landwehr and Landsturm, and some interpretation of the party names of Right, Left, and Centre. Every child in England has some more or less rude notion of a Conservative or a Radical; but the statement that the Frankfort Assembly of 1848 "was divided into two parties, the Right and the Left," will by itself convey no more idea to him than if he had been told it was divided into Oranges and Lemons.

The political aspect of the recent wars of Prussia with Austria and France is well shown; but the actual fighting is treated on a disproportioned scale, and with a dryness and needless profusion of petty details which make the narrative read like notes out of a blue-book or official history. Where is the good of filling the scanty space of a primary history with military minutiae like these?—"The Prussian forces were divided into three armies. The first, made up of about 100,000 men, was stationed, under Prince Frederick Charles, in Lower Silesia. The Crown Prince commanded the second, which numbered about 116,000 men, and occupied Upper Silesia. The third, amounting to about 40,000 men, acted as the right wing of the first." This is in the Seven Weeks' War; and similar details are even more plentiful in the account of the War of 1870. We have the First German Army, and the Second German Army, and the South German Army, and the formation of the army of the Maes "from corps which had hitherto belonged to the Second Army"—so precise and accurate is the author. We are told what Marshal Bazaine "apparently wished" to do, and what it was concluded that Marshal MacMahon was intending to do; and a dreary chronicle of unimportant engagements is inflicted upon the reader. "Meanwhile two distinct efforts to break through the German lines had been made, one by General Ducrot on September 19, another by General Vinoy on September 30; but both times the French were driven back. On October 13 and October 21 similar attempts were made," and so on. Military students can obtain this sort of information much better from regular military histories; and as for the schoolboys and schoolgirls for whom the book is designed, all that they want is the slightest sketch of the general course of a war, and the names of the chief actions, with, if possible, a few Homeric details, such as even modern warfare can still supply, thrown in to enliven the narrative. One would gladly exchange some of the statistics about First and Second Armies for a few more touches of human and personal interest, in which this work is deficient almost beyond the ordinary deficiency of epitomes. Arminius, Luther, and Frederick the Great—three good specimens of German heroes of different ages—are among the few figures which stand out with any distinctness in its pages. Ariovistus, "the first German name that appears in history," is a name, and nothing more. Had the young reader been told how Ariovistus dared Cæsar to come and prove the valour of the unconquered Germans, "qui inter annos xiv tectum non subissent," he would at once have had some definite idea of an ancient German King and his warriors. Wallenstein, than whom a more picturesque and striking figure could hardly be found, might be a chess-knight for aught that is here told of him; there are his moves on the board, and that is all. He was murdered, and "the Emperor rewarded the murderers"; who or what they were is not thought worth mentioning.

The sections on Literature are well done, though towards the end the author's desire to prove his statement that "no other country has an intellectual life so rich and many-sided" as Germany has led him to give an over-long catalogue of modern writers. Music, the special art of Germany, and painting are so meagrely treated that they might as well have been omitted altogether. There is little use in burdening a child's memory with the names of painters or musical composers if he is told nothing whatever about them or their works. To learn some few facts about Albert Dürer or Mozart would perhaps be no less profitable, and certainly would be more pleasant, than to know about a scheme of Count Bismarck's, which never was carried out, for the reconstitution of the Confederation.

In the matter of nomenclature, always a troublesome point in writing foreign history, we should like to know on what principle Mr. Sime Anglicizes Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia as Frederick William, while he Germanizes Ernest Augustus, the Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover of Tory memory, as Ernst August. One could understand it if all the names were given in English, or all in German, or even if the inconsistencies of ordinary usage were followed. Why, too, as Mr. Sime is not constant to German forms, will he not call Köln Cologne? Of course Cologne is a French form, and we know that the tongue of a true German sympathizer would cleave to the roof of his mouth rather than utter aught that is French; but, however the word came to us, it is by this time good English, and has acquired an English pronunciation.

But these minor matters will not affect the general value of the book as a careful and distinct outline, which will doubtless be welcome to many who are past the age for which school-books are intended. Now that Germany has become the leading Power in Europe, and occupies so large a share of the world's attention, many who have hitherto been content with very hazy ideas as to

her past history begin to think it necessary to improve their education. We must, however, warn all those who are at present exciting themselves over the ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia, and are either reviling Prince Bismarck as a second Diocletian or lauding him as the Protestant champion, that Mr. Sime judiciously ends with the Peace of Frankfort, and will therefore supply them with no arguments on either side of the controversy. When Rome and Prussia have fought their duel out, Mr. Sime will have material for an additional chapter.

DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. HAZLITT assures us in his preface that he has taken extraordinary pains in the preparation of this edition of Dodsley. "Not a word, nor even part of a word, has suffered alteration; and, wherever there was a doubt, as there might be in preparing for the press once more such an extensive collection of pieces, it was thought better to err on the side of caution." These are proper and assuring words, and we only wish they had been acted up to; but after selecting a play here and there for a somewhat close examination, and reading the rest with more or less attention, we are constrained to say that, with a few exceptions, the dramas for the most part appear to be left very much in the state in which he found them. This is the more surprising on Mr. Hazlitt's part as we find him proclaiming that "the first and second editions of Dodsley's collection appear, notwithstanding what is asserted to the contrary in Reed's preface, to have been superintended with no very high degree of care, and the late Mr. Dyce used to observe that the same criticism was applicable to the edition of 1825." This was Mr. Collier's edition, and an unfavourable report of it is frequently repeated by Mr. Hazlitt as the result of his own observation; as, for instance, in a note to the introduction of *Ram Alley*, where the former gentleman affirms that two copies of the play have been now for the first time accurately collated, and the latter adds:—"A few trifling corrections were introduced by Mr. Collier, but the most serious corruptions and errors were overlooked, and all the faulty pointing retained. Such is the case with all the plays."

The first drama we took up was the earliest regular comedy in our language, and, as we cannot help considering it, the most interesting, if not the most important, of Mr. Hazlitt's additions to Dodsley. This is the *Ralph Roister Doister* of Nicholas Udall, as merry a piece as has ever proceeded from the press. And here we must at once begin by finding fault with the new editor for the brief and unsatisfactory "notice" by which he introduces it. We are told nothing more than that "the only copy known of this admirable comedy, and that deficient of the title, was discovered in 1818, and is at present in the library of Eton College." Not a word is said about the finder of this unique treasure, or about the singularly happy chance which led him to present it to the library of Eton College, which turned out to be the most appropriate place of deposit. Perfect silence too is preserved as to the fact of the author's name being altogether unknown till after the work had been twice reprinted, when its discovery was announced by Mr. Collier, in a passage in the 1825 Dodsley which has been omitted by Mr. Hazlitt, for the curiously insufficient reason that he had found a fresh introduction among some collections made by his father (not his grandfather) "about twenty years ago for a similar purpose, and, as it was much fuller than that previously printed, it has been substituted." He here admits the principle that "full" notices of each play should be given in cases where really nothing is to be told that was not perfectly well known a hundred years ago, while in the instance of *Roister Doister* he proceeds as if no such aid were required. He does not even say when Nicholas Udall was born, or when he died, or that he was head-master of Eton College, for the boys of which it is believed that the play was written; nor does he point out that it is manifestly formed upon the *Eunuchus* of Terence, an author for whom Udall is known to have felt peculiar fondness, having indeed published a volume called *Flourish for Latino Spelungeo*, the whole contents of which are taken from the writings of the "dimidiate Menander." In the list of previous editions, too, he omits any mention of Mr. Arber's reprint, the most valuable of all, a careful comparison of which would have saved him from many errors. For instance, in the first speech of the first scene of the first act, he would not have printed such stuff as:—

For know ye that, for all this merry note of mine,
He might oppose me now, that should ask where I dine.—(iii. 57)

had he permitted Mr. Arber's version to show him that the word was not *oppose*, but *appose*—a change which at once makes sense of the passage, the latter word having, according to Dr. Johnson, been shortened into the "pose" of the present day. Nor would he, five lines lower down, have printed

Maketh revel-rout as long as it will last,

instead of the far more expressive "*keepeth revel-rout*" of the original. In the only known copy we find a couplet—

He that beateth me by his armes shall well fynde,
That I will not be furre from him nor runne behinde—

the first line of which Mr. Hazlitt thinks proper to print

He that beateth me, by His armes, shall well find, &c.

* A Select Collection of Old English Plays. Originally published by Robert Dodsley in the year 1744. Fourth Edition, now first Chronologically Arranged, with the Notes of all the Commentators, and New Notes by W. Carew Hazlitt. Vols. 1 to 10. London: Reeves & Turner.

with a note appended, informing us that "by His arms" means "by God's arms"; a most unusual oath in such a place, for which neither text nor context gives any authority, and involving a change which we cannot reconcile with the editor's declaration that wherever there was a doubt he would err on the side of caution. Nor, when there actually is a printer's error in the original text, does the editor's conjectural emendation commend itself to us by its felicity. In the fourth scene of the first act, Mathew Merygreeke is bewildering Margerie Mumblecrust by describing his master as a fearful being of gigantic powers, who, among other things, when he saw an elephant approaching him—

As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,
And e'en with pure strength of armes pluckt out his great tuske,
which had such a wonderful effect on another elephant

That he crept in a hole, and not a word to say.

He is also described as a terrific warrior:—

He conquered in one day from Rome to Naples,
And woune Townes, nurse, as fast as thou canst make Apples;
on which the poor terrified Nurse Mumblecrust exclaims:—

O Lord, my heart quaketh for feare: he is to fore.

There is evidently a difficulty at the end of the line, and the editor gets over it by printing:—

O Lord! my heart quaketh for fear, he is so sore,

which may possibly be right in spite of its inelegance, and of the much more natural fear of the nurse that the dreadful being is to fore—i.e. to the front, or actually present. In the same page the following dialogue takes place between Mathew Merygreeke and Ralph Doister:—

R. D. What is that? a mouste?

M. M. No, it was a *fooles feather* had light on your coate.

R. D. I was nigh no feathers since I came from my bed.

M. M. No sir, it was a haire that was fall from your head.

Will it be believed that Mr. Hazlitt thinks it necessary to change "fool's feather" into "fowl's feather"? No doubt a play on the two words was intended, but this was more obvious before the change than after it. There is an expression which we have always cherished since in early boyhood we read that admirable scene in *Old Mortality* where Henry Morton, returning to his home from foreign parts, inquires for "one Alison Wilson," and is told in reply, "Ye might hae had an *M* under your belt for *Mistress* Wilson, of Milnwood." In *Roister Doister*, when the hero is spoken of in a similar unadorned fashion, he at once exclaims, "Ne'er an *M* by your girdle?" which we are sorry to find that the editor has had the tastelessness to alter into "Ne'er a *master* by your girdle?" One who has had so much to do with our old writers should surely have known that the phrase is of constant recurrence in their works, and even if he was not aware that the expression was, and apparently still is, a proverbial one, the article *an*, and the rhythm of the line, should have sufficed to warn him that the form was intentional in the present instance. Gifford seemed to have a dislike to the letter *M* when used in this way, and substituted *master* for it whenever it was possible; but when it occurs in the polished and musical lines of Massinger, he was obliged to give in and admit that "most of our old writers assumed to themselves the privilege of abridging the word *master*, and pronouncing only the initial letter (*em*). Without some license of this sort many lines could not be spoken as verse." Indeed, if Mr. Hazlitt turns to vol. x. p. 531 of his own work, he will find an excellent note on the subject, which he appears to have borrowed from the editor of the *Old English Drama*—whose name surely might have been ascertained by a very little inquiry.

We have gone the more minutely into this particular play, not only on account of its own intrinsic value, but because it appears for the first time in *Dodsley*, and because there is only one existing original on which its text can by any possibility be founded. It is thus peculiarly adapted for a test as to how far Mr. Hazlitt has carried out his engagement that "not a word, nor even part of a word, should suffer alteration." Our readers will perhaps be of opinion that we have already given enough to show how ill this promise has been fulfilled in this special instance, and although we have marked a long list of other passages, we shall only ask whether anything can justify an editor who makes such a proclamation in deciding that the following passage is not sufficiently intelligible. The heroine, Christian Custance, is answering the hero, Roister Doister, who says,

R. D. Let all this pass, sister, and accept this service,
meaning this offer to become her accepted lover; on which she rejoins:—

I will not be served with a foole in no wise,

When I choose an husband I hope to take a man;

and is answered by the "parasite" Mathew Merygreeke:—

And where will ye finde one which can doe that he can?

Now, thys man towarde you being so kinde,

You not to make him an answer somewhat to his minde!

The meaning of the last line is surely sufficiently clear, and, to our thinking, expressed in a manner much more dramatic than the one which Mr. Hazlitt considers it necessary to substitute for it:—

Why not make him an answer somewhat to his mind?

It must be noted that this and all the other changes are made without the slightest warning to the reader that he has not before him the exact words of the original at Eton. In the way of

illustration next to nothing is done. "Shotanchor," indeed, is explained to be "sheet-anchor"; but there is no note whatever to the second line of the following couplet:—

Ye are such a calf, such an ass, such a block,
Such a tilburn, such a hobel, such a lobcock.—iii. 103.

Nor is an unusual phrase explained in

But ye roile abroad in the street everywhere.

We were reduced to hunt for the meaning elsewhere, and found in Peter Levin's "Rhyming Dictionary" of A.D. 1587 that *divagari* was the Latin equivalent for *to royle abroad*.

We have left ourselves no space to discuss any of the other plays, and in fact can do no more than mention two blunders which have struck us as peculiarly glaring. In the famous old comedy of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, we find the following four lines:—

Tom Tankard's cow (by Gog's bones) she set me up her sail,
And flinging about his *halse aker* (frisking with her tail,
As though there had been [under it] a swarm of bees,
And chad not cried tthrow, whore, she'd leapt out of his lees.—iii. 178.

Now Mr. Hazlitt, failing to see what surely ought to be obvious enough to every man, woman, and child who is not a professed "commentator," that "halse aker" is a misprint for "halfe aker," the old *f*, as in a previous instance, being substituted for the old *h*, is pleased to father the following preposterous note by George Steevens:—"I believe we should read *halse anchor* or *anker*, as it was anciently spelt, a naval phrase. The *halse* or *halser* was a particular kind of cable. Shakspeare, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, has an image similar to this:—

The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sail and flies!"

Some question was asked about this in a contemporary, and Mr. Skeat at once settled the matter by proving that half-acre was the ordinary and accepted word for a small piece of ground. The last error we shall mention has arisen from neglect of the context, and from want of observation as to the ordinary forms of expression of the time. In Vol. X., at p. 75, we find a young man, who wishes to appear rude and uncourteous, addressing a duke's son:—

VKN. How don you? *g't you good den.*

LUS. We thank thee.

How strangely such a coarse homely salute
Shows in the palace, where we greet in fire—
Nimble and desperate tongues: should we name
God in a salutation, 'twould ne'er be stood on, heaven!

Now in the original editions the first line stands:—

How don you? *God you good den;*

and Mr. Hazlitt should never have sanctioned any alteration, for not only is the word necessary for the understanding of the next speech, but it was the accepted form of greeting of the period. In *Bartholomew Fair*, Ben Jonson, the most accurate of all our dramatists, makes *Wasp* say "God you good morrow, gentlemen," and in *Romeo and Juliet* the Nurse accosts the Montagues with "God ye good morrow, gentlemen," to which Mercutio replies, "God ye good den, fair gentlewoman!" The above passage is from the *Revenger's Tragedy* of Cyril Tourneur, a writer of such singular force of expression and intensity of feeling that Charles Lamb says it occasionally made his ears tingle and a hot blush spread over his cheek to read him. Only one other of his plays has come down to us, and we feel both regret and surprise that Mr. Hazlitt has not made room for it in this collection. Before quitting the ungracious duty of fault-finding, we must mention that the editor, excusably thinking that every reader must have been a purchaser of the whole of his multitudinous publications, too often inserts (instead of the usual "list of editions" which the old Dodsley was so careful to give) some such notice as the following:—"Editions. For the titles of the two old copies, see Hazlitt's Handbook, p. 177."

Perhaps, after all, we have not made sufficient allowance for the difficulties of Mr. Hazlitt's task. We well remember the late Mr. Dyce saying that, when he entered upon his one-volume edition of Webster, he found he had 200,000 errors to correct which through his youth and ignorance had crept into the former one, which now commands so high a price. The number of corrections was of course humorously exaggerated; but the remark suffices to show that the editing an old play is no light undertaking, and, after working through the ten volumes already printed, we cheerfully admit that we are under great obligations to the editor and the publishers for placing before us so vast a body of valuable matter at a tolerably moderate price, and in a very attractive and convenient form.

ATKINSON'S STUDIES AMONG THE PAINTERS.*

THE history of painting as an art is always made to begin with the school of Cimabue. Before his date, which may be placed in the middle of the thirteenth century, there is a blank. No adventurous Kugler or Eastlake has penetrated further. The modern priesthood of art derives its descent from Cimabue; he is the apostle of painting. Only the orders received from his disciples and successors are valid. Schools of a different origin are heretical, or at best they may be absorbed. There is a sort of parallel between this aspect of the history of art

* *Studies among the Painters.* By J. Beavington Atkinson. London Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1874.

and the history of the Church. Few writers on Church history attempt to trace the apostolical succession of the English clergy through the early Church of Ireland or the Britons. The orthodox pedigree goes through Rome. And it is the same in the domains of art. It would be hard to name our first English painter, but the first thought of in answer to a question would probably be Reynolds or Thornhill. It is the same as when Austin is named as the first to preach Christianity here; or, if we go back to Holbein—a foreigner also, like Austin—the parallel will hold still more consistently. But to assert that there were no English painters before Reynolds, and no painters in England before Holbein, would be as untrue as to say that there was no Christianity in England, Ireland, or Scotland before Austin. Mr. Beavington Atkinson, perhaps unconsciously, indicates in the book before us a very different view of the history of English art. In the tabular view of the English school at p. 159 the first artists mentioned are Hilliard and Oliver. Their names alone adorn the sixteenth century. But a moment's thought will open, by their means, a field for research of which it may safely be said that it is worthy of the pen of any English writer in art. Hilliard and Oliver were miniature-painters. They were what a century earlier would have been described as "miniators," or illuminators. As a matter of fact their best works are on vellum. It must be allowed that they and the few herald-painters of their day were all that remained of an English school of art inferior to none of its own time in Europe. Cimabue died about 1302, and in estimating the value of his work it should be compared with the work of the artists who were his contemporaries and predecessors. "The service done," says Mr. Atkinson, "by Cimabue, usually deemed the father of Italian painting, has, I think, been overrated, and yet, when we remember the triumphant procession which bore the artist's famous Madonna through the streets of Florence, we cannot but conclude that Cimabue stands as one of those marked men who leave an impress on their day and generation." Mr. Atkinson does not pursue the subject. But it may be said that there are two ways in which the works of Cimabue and his successors down to Giotto and Orcagna may be tried. The first test is a comparison with mosaic. The second is a comparison with book-painting, commonly called illumination. Tried by the latter standard, they fall very far short of the merit usually attributed to them. The best works are those in which they approach most nearly to the style of the "miniators." Orcagna's glorious frescoes and the San Marco series of Fra Angelico, not to mention a hundred similar examples, are only book-pictures magnified. The names of book-painters contemporary with Giotto have been preserved, but of those who lived and worked before Cimabue few people know anything. The fact is that no notice of them or their art would fit in with the theory which makes Cimabue the father of painting in Italy—and therefore, through the influence of the Italian school, of painting in all Europe—because it is not to Italy that we must look for the earlier artists. The best art in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries was certainly not there. Let any one who doubts it compare, as may easily be done at any of the great libraries, as well as in many private collections, a book with initials, borders, and pictures painted in Italy with one painted in Northern France or England in the first years of the thirteenth century. Such books are very common, chiefly in the form of copies of the Bible. The Northern art is superior to the Italian in every respect. Drawing, correct in neither, is infinitely better in the English work. Expression too, but above all colour, is superior. There is, in fact, no comparison between the two styles. The Italian is as much inferior from the eighth up to the end of the twelfth century as, under the later artists, it is superior.

It is not therefore in Italy, but in France, and even more in England, that the representatives of art are to be sought before the middle of the thirteenth century. If we confine our attention to England, a list of glorious paintings might be compiled, extending back, not to the twelfth century, but to the sixth, and bringing in the names of many great artists long unknown to fame. The recent controversy about the Utrecht Psalter has for the first time shown many people that lively little figures in pen and ink were not unknown in mediæval art. And, passing by Matthew Paris, whose pictorial efforts were chiefly ornamental only or heraldic, we may rest at Godemann or even at Dunstan himself, who has left us his portrait in a sketch of Japanese quaintness indeed, but truly artistic in spirit. It is only therefore in a certain sense that Cimabue can be called the founder of modern painting. To recur to our ecclesiastical form of expression, he was the first painter if we accept the Ultramontane theory; but we cannot accept it without a mental reservation in favour of the great English, Norman, and French artists who carried back an unbroken succession in our own schools, from Isaac Oliver to Alcuin and Dunstan. Such a heterodox theory of art-faith has never been put forward in England. Pugin preached something of the kind in architecture, and a host of followers took up the tale. Mr. Ruskin alone of English writers has gone near it. But he, too, is carried away by the transcendent glory of the Italian schools of the fifteenth century, and his researches on the history of painting have never been conducted on any accurate archaeological system. The books which are most read are of the orthodox way of thinking, and it is very possible that no materials exist for a strictly chronological and historical account of painting in this country from the misty ages of the Book of Kells to the painting of the Book of Durham by Bilfrith, the books illuminated by Godemann at Hyde Abbey, and so on until the development of Italian

art as detailed by Mr. Atkinson spread like a tide over Europe, at last invading and covering our own land also.

It is now upwards of thirty years since the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge first endeavoured by means of cheap literature to encourage and increase a knowledge of art. The success of the *Penny Magazine* was such that it is no exaggeration to attribute to its influence much of the rapid growth of taste in the generation now come to maturity. When the Hogarths and Reynoldses, the Murillos and Correggios, which then formed the staple of our national collection, had been engraved one by one, the magazine itself grew old, and died, as magazines do. Its successor was not so long-lived, and was never so successful. When the *Penny Magazine* was commenced, it had the field to itself. When the *People's Magazine* started in its place, the competitors were too numerous to allow it breathing room. There is so much that can only be designated sharp practice in the present system of starting any publication of the kind, that it was hardly to be wished, certainly not expected, that the magazine should succeed at first. But as things did not improve after some years, the publication was at last relinquished, perhaps wisely, although many of the members thought it should have been carried on, even at a loss. The papers which Mr. Atkinson has now reissued were originally written for the *People's Magazine* during the last eighteen months of its existence. In accordance with the traditions of the older magazine, the pictures in our National Gallery were made the foundation of the articles, and a number of drawings, to which we cannot say the engraver has done full justice, were prepared by Mr. A. E. Fisher. The water-colour copies of the pictures from which the wood blocks were engraved were sold off afterwards, if we mistake not, at Christie's, and we have still a lively recollection of the beauty of two among them, the "Arnolfini" of Van Eyck, and the "St. Jerome" of Bellini. Both these pictures appear in the present volume, and, so far as we know, they have never before been engraved, either on wood or metal. A rendering of Lippo Lippi's "Annunciation" forms the frontispiece, and is one of the best of the illustrations. The "Avenue," from the Peel collection, and Turner's "Burial of Wilkie," represent landscape, and for the rest we may name Titian's exquisite "Holy Family," which is much marred by the splitting of the block on which it is cut, and Raffaele's "Vision of a Knight," which has also suffered from the same carelessness.

Mr. Atkinson's part of the book has been largely rewritten, and is in many places, from additional information, a new work. The limits of space which bound him in his contributions to a magazine being removed, he has been able to make his work much more complete; so complete, in fact, that while it is the only popular history of art within the reach of people of moderate means, it is at the same time a history of the most trustworthy kind. We have indicated above the objections we cannot help feeling to the narrow views on the history of art which pervade all contemporary writers. But, putting these aside, and taking Mr. Atkinson's book from the ordinary point of view, we do not think it is saying too much to pronounce it a pleasing example of what may be done to bring art home to the people, and a good sign of the influences at work in the Society by which it is published. Beginning with Cimabue, Mr. Atkinson traces the development of the Italian schools down to Lippi, and then, taking such names as those of Bellini, Leonardo, and Raffaele, shows the progress of each in his pupils as well as in himself, making in every case special reference to the pictures by each painter in our national collection. Leaving Italy after a notice of Correggio, he turns his attention to Spain, where he sketches the history of the art as it was in the hands of Murillo and Velasquez. Next he passes to the Low Countries and Germany, to France, and lastly to England, where in the last four chapters he treats of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilkie, ending with Turner, whom he calls the "greatest of landscape-painters." He justifies this preference in a passage which we venture to quote as it stands, because it is an excellent example of the lucidity of Mr. Atkinson's style, and a fair specimen from among a number of similar passages with which the book abounds:—

The art of Turner proves its versatility by satisfying the desires of the most varied tastes. One anomaly in his works is that they admit and indeed invite apparently incompatible assertions and denials. Thus with almost equal show of reason it may be affirmed that they are truthful yet untruthful, studious of form yet formless, literal yet imaginative, elaborated in detail yet hastily sketchy, warm in colour as an autumn sunset, yet cool in grey as a spring morning. And in this many-sided capability, in this faculty of becoming all things to all men, Turner is supposed, as we have seen, to possess somewhat in common with Shakspeare. The painter assumed many aspects partly because during his life's labour he passed personally through many phases, also because he ever and anon was striving to solve that well-nigh impossible problem, how to make a finite art compass the infinity of nature. The secret of success in this effort Turner found to be partly in surrender, but mainly in the fixed purpose to attempt in each picture but one thing at a time. Hence that law of subordination, that paramount principle of unity, that sacrifice of a small truth for the sake of a greater truth. In short, art as art was paramount, and the facts of nature when not to the purpose had to give way. It was by this steadfast system that Turner's works gained a oneness notwithstanding their inexhaustible variety. The secret is to exalt to the uttermost the central idea, and to make use of episodes for fortification, not for division or distraction. And thus it comes to pass that Turner's sea-calms are more calm than those of Vandervelde, his storms more relentless than those of Backhuysen, his sunsets more sunny than those of Claude, and his rocky ravines more savage than those of Salvator Rosa.

TOXIE.*

WE are always glad to recognize merit where merit is to be found. As we shall not be able to bestow any praise either on the plot of this story, or on the characters, or on the language in which it is written, we are the more ready to acknowledge a certain convenience about it which it has in common with not a few of the most popular stories of the day. Quite by accident we took up the third volume first and read it steadily on, with all the attention that the opening of a plot requires, without so much as suspecting for a moment that we had not begun at the beginning of the book. We had, in fact, read more than a third of the volume before we discovered, and discovered by chance, our mistake. We always find that a great deal of worry is saved in reading a novel by taking a peep at the end as soon as we have become acquainted with the chief characters. It is annoying to have a mystery made about people in regard to whom one is utterly indifferent, and so some part of the annoyance of reading a silly story is saved by breaking through the veil in which the author wraps up his characters. Not indeed that there was much mystery in the story before us; but, as there was one man about whom the heroine raved, and another who raved about the heroine, we thought it would save some little trouble if, before we read further on, we learnt which of the two she was to marry. One of them indeed was married already, but with the unlimited command the novelist holds over the bills of mortality, that did not matter a straw. When, therefore, we turned to look for the third volume, not to satisfy our curiosity, for we had none, but to relieve our weariness, which was great, we found, to our surprise, that it was the third volume that we had all the while been reading. As we were in no embarrassment as to the plot, we did not think it at all needful to go back to the first volume, but with a calm and contented mind went straight to the end. We doubt indeed whether to the very winding up of the plot, we should have discovered our mistake from anything we met with in the story itself. Now and then indeed we came across a name that was new to us, but we should have set this down to the allusive style of writing which is so common at the present time, and, so setting it down, we should have been quite satisfied. There is a good deal to be said for writing a novel on such a plan as this, by which, while all the three volumes hang together, though loosely, each nevertheless has, as it were, a separate existence. Especially must it be convenient to those who can only get a volume at a time from the circulating library, for if some other reader is unreasonably long over the first volume, they can begin either at the second or the third as they please.

The tale—or at least the third volume—opens with the young lady who tells the story in a state of the greatest despair. She is in a “terrible moon-lit room,” where she “bit the pillow that seemed pitiless and cold.” We should be curious to learn, by the way, whether she bit the pillow because it looked pitiless, or whether it looked pitiless in spite of being bitten. She raised a cry, a cry which, “if there be one human heart-echo pulsing round the circling world, would be of those which cannot die, which ‘grow for ever and for ever.’” This outburst of despair is explained in a page or two by a letter which she had just received from her faithless cousin Toxie. This young lady had robbed the heroine of her lover Douglas Peneval, a gentleman whom she describes as “my dark-eyed lover with the shapely head and the comely looks,” whose “tall six feet looked down on me from a tower-like height,” and who had a “proud pose of his dark close-cropped head.” However, in spite of all these advantages, he had proved faithless, as we have said, and had married Toxie instead of Dorothy. To make the matter worse, there was a young gentleman, Fred Ridgwood, as madly in love with Toxie as Toxie and Dorothy were with Douglas. When he heard of the marriage he “laughed a horrible hyena-laugh,” and galloped off—for he was on horseback—to shoot himself. The heroine managed to catch him though she was on foot. We are not surprised to find that she writes:—“What power gave my feet wings in my spent state, I never knew, I never shall know.” Having managed to catch the horseman, she “heeded not the capers of the panting animal,” and prevailed on Fred at last to shoot, not himself, but an old rotten stump of a tree. The reader will no longer feel any surprise that we did not discover our mistake in beginning at the third volume. There was just that state of confusion when the wrong people have married which is so commonly found in the very opening page of a novel. The probability was that the wicked Toxie would die early and penitent, that she would on her death-bed send for the much-wronged Dorothy, would ask her forgiveness, and with an “ineffable” or “supreme,” or “notable,” but not this time a “rippling” smile, would place her hand in Douglas’s, as a sign that, after the proper time of mourning had elapsed, they were to be united. There was also a chance that it would be the faithless Douglas who would die, while Dorothy, full of forgiveness, would hasten to comfort the widowed Toxie. We might have guessed that Fred Ridgwood, as he was saved from blowing out his brains by a woman, would before long be rewarded by her hand. The heroine, however, at once guards us against any such supposition as this, for she tells us at the outset that “he was one of the rare few who undergo the crucifixion of the soul (which ordinary folk perhaps so seldom feel in its intensity) without its poor compensation, the gilded martyr-crown.”

* *Toxie: a Tale.* 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

Moreover “he would never be a genius—a leader and king of men,” and in fact was altogether unfit to win the love of a lady who has such a remarkable command of words as the heroine of this story. For a considerable while, then, there is no one left upon the scene but Dorothy herself, but with her despair, and the big words in which despair always speaks, she contrives to fill up the gap. She has a remarkable power of quotation—equalling that of Mr. Dick Swiveller himself—and if she has nothing else to write, she can at all events write up to a quotation. We suspect, indeed, that some of the poetry that she gives us has not previously seen the light, but of this we cannot be sure, for we do not pretend to have followed a lady through all the poets of the present day. We have taken the trouble to count up her quotations in this one volume, and we find over fifty in 264 pages. Where she cites Shakespeare she varies, if she does not improve, the text. She describes how a certain curate “seemed to peruse what Shakespeare describes as ‘the books’ in stones.” Her love of quotation marks is only inferior to her love of quotations. When she writes, however, of “the ‘secret drawer’ of desks,” it would be convenient if in a footnote she would inform the reader of the name of the author from whom she has borrowed so rare a phrase. But it is not on quotations alone that she depends to keep the story going; for, as we have said before, she has a remarkable stock of fine words on which to draw. She had “a hunger in her heart” which every morning before she woke was “wrapped for a distracting moment in mysterious shadow,” but as a means of escaping from it she tried a change of bed-chamber. She left the terrible moon-lit room with “the smooth, horrible wall that seemed to hedge me in,” for one that up to this time had been “dedicated to boots and brushes.” At the same time “I decreed that Martha should enter that twin-chamber to mine—Toxie’s—and gather up her things, hide the fair gauzy raiment in which she had last triumphed, within the narrow, polished drawers, dark with age, noisy with the tinkling handles.” Martha in obeying the decree came upon a note; but here the heroine shall speak for herself:—

She brought me a tiny note, one that looked as though it had been given in a passionate hand-grasp, concealed in a bouquet. It was the only one, she said. Toxie must have forgotten it—no doubt it had many fellows. I looked at it. The handwriting was not hers; it was a man’s, small, clear, firm. I had never seen words written by Douglas, but I knew that they would be written so—that they were like him. I could not touch it. I writhed before that paper-erap, that small, man’s writing. It was as though I had seen him *hiss* her. Martha took it up at my bidding—it was nothing to her, though probably she knew its contents by heart—and committed it to the fire. The quick flames swept it from end to end, making it move, curling it, shrivelling it to an intangible dusky cobweb, hung with racing sparks. Grey, curled, shrivelled as it was, my keen eye saw that there were words—living amid that destruction—still there. I heaped up ashes upon it, I buried it for ever out of my sight. All days were alike to me now; but the day on which I saw that small love-token (it was one—I knew it) was like that November day, with its long hours of watching, its closing moments laden with the woe of Douglas’s cruel treachery and Toxie’s flight.

The heroine suffered indeed in many ways. If she sat down by the parlour window, then “some occult evil influence made John sweep the leaves at that hour,” and John while sweeping talked of what had happened. If visitors came, they would talk of something which she could only answer with “a faint, watery smile such as one does smile after violent and unexpected blushing.” Her father had to take her up to London for a change of scene, where they settled themselves “in one of those aristocratic hostleries nearest to club and park, in streets where omnibuses do not come and private broughams and hansom do.” There she met with a lover who took her to the opera, where she saw “white-gemmed necks,” and “realized for the first time the beauty of my kind. A few months before,” she goes on to add, “how lavish I should have been of joyful exclamations, of gleeful speech!” A day or two after, encouraged by the success of the visit to the opera, the new lover went through the preliminary stage of making a proposal to her, but in so noisy a manner that she writes “I heard a *thud*—as of kneeling.” In spite of all these delights, she was not happy, nor would she accept her lover’s suit. “There was before me all my strong young life, which had revived reeling from its terrible stroke of sorrow, and would wind onward and unfold itself, day after day, year after year, pitilessly.” It is true that typhoid fever about this time carried Toxie off, though whether as a judgment on her or because her husband had been rash enough to take her to the seaside for her health we are not told. It is curious to notice that heroines, like physicians, have their fashionable diseases. A few years ago they all died of consumption, but now typhoid fever is far more fatal. The heroine, hearing of her rival’s death, thereupon “looked up into the blue-black sky, where came forth, one by one, that marvellous host, great Jupiter, the polar star” (commonly called the pole-star), “and soft Orion” (why “soft” we are not told), and then she thought as follows:—

Oh, is man’s life a jest, that men should spend it breathing out the merest bubbles of vanity in the very face of infinity and the doom of death! Why aren’t we mournful, and solemn, and awe-struck, seeing that our earth is so sad and strange, instead of being careless, as children are, and laughter-loving,—nay, wantonly, recklessly gay?

Before a lady takes to writing about “bubbles of vanity” and “infinity,” it would be well for her to learn that, unless we are “careless as children are,” and ignorant too, we do not when we write cut down “are not” to “aren’t.” It may perhaps be a question whether we are “evolved from some combined atomica of cosmic gas, a gas that brews worlds whether they will or not”; but it is established beyond all doubt that in solemn writing

contractions are not allowed. At the point at which we have now arrived we are half through the story, assuming of course as we do that it is all contained in one volume. We shall not spoil the reader's interest by unfolding any more of the plot. He may perhaps wonder how the heroine manages to fill up the hundred and fifty pages or so which are left her in which to get married. In one page, however, she "swirled her petticoats" and talked of her "desperately-opened orbs." In another she "stared stolidly at a big dazzling bed of scarlet geraniums, scintillating with vivid colour in the afternoon sun, set in their emerald green." Then she "gazed up into the green glory of the great beech-tree till the first star quivered out into the green-blue sky," while later on she "stole up the short stair-flight, the polished oaken wood creaking derisively, and with pop-gun dexterity beneath our softly-treading feet." She went to a railway station and "gazed on the various paraphernalia of a roadside station," while the "weird wires whistled, and the fresh draughty air blew fitfully along the level line, bringing with it a disappointing soundlessness." In fact, she writes nonsense till the proper time has arrived for winding up the story.

PHILLIPS'S CIVIL WAR IN WALES.*

DESPITE the meagreness of his history of Kilgeran, the terms in which Mr. Phillips's present work was announced, coupled with the attractiveness and unbacked nature of the subject, encouraged us to look forward to it with a mixture of hope and curiosity. From the nature of the case the Principality has fared ill at the hands of historians, and the long-standing difficulties of the subject have tended to make anything like accuracy as to names and places a vain expectation. A stranger or "foreigner" could hardly fail to flounder among the many traps set in his way by records and documents containing names so like each other and so little like anything else; and the need has long been felt of some learned Welshman or inhabitant of the Marches who would do for Welsh history what has so abundantly been done for local history on the English side of the border. Mr. Phillips, a Carmarthenshire man of letters, has taken the field, and, combining local inquiry with documentary research, has endeavoured to compose a fair and systematic narrative of the Welsh side of the Civil War. Those whose appetite for the study of this period of border history has been whetted by the late Rev. John Webb's annotated Memoir of Colonel Birch, in one of the volumes of the Camden Society for 1873, will have got a good idea of what to expect from an historian of Mr. Phillips's pretensions; but, though we wish to give him the credit of industry, zeal, and national spirit, we cannot but think that the perusal of his Memoirs will produce a feeling of disappointment. Doubtless the State papers at the Record Office and other contemporary sources of information have been pressed into the service for *pieces justificatives*, which, as far as they go, make a well-intentioned second volume, and help to substantiate the statements of the first. But it is unsatisfactory to find how many of the hundred and seventeen documents making up this second volume are simply the lying newspapers of the war, the Royalist *Mercurius Aulicus*, to which Mr. Phillips awards the palm of mendacity, and the Parliamentary *Mercurius Bellicus* which, to say the least, runs a dead heat with it. Although there are here and there Letters from Brereton, a central figure in the Parliamentary operations in Cheshire and on the confines of Flint and Denbigh through the whole period covered by these Memoirs, we fail to discover evidence of a study of that General's despatches, of Prince Rupert's correspondence, or of Sir S. Luke's note-book, all of which are essential to a thorough insight into the course of the events under consideration. Doubtless Mr. Phillips has overhauled Clarendon—mainly however to contradict his authority with somewhat audacious *ipse dixit*—and Warburton's Life of Prince Rupert, which, as a modern work, he might with less presumption take leave to question; not to speak of other books and records. Yet it must be said that his *Memoirs of the Civil War* falls short of being such a work of research as it lays claim to be. On the other hand, however, it is not uninteresting; indeed its liveliness is considerably enhanced by the very pronounced partisanship which sees every event and action through the medium of Parliamentary spectacles.

The prefatory chapter on the state of Wales from its conquest to the close of the reign of James I. deals chiefly with questions of food, lodging, and locomotion, in all of which there seems to have been considerable improvement in course of time, though the contrast between the two sides of the border must have been very pronounced. The picture drawn of the principal county gentry of North and South Wales repairing for the winter to their town houses in Chester, Brecon, and Carnarvon, brings before the reader a state of things which will be familiar to those who in the early years of this century knew such towns as Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and one or two other half-Welsh towns, although no traces of the custom survive, except in the handsome ancient houses which tell of former more substantial tenants. But the author rather loses himself when he gets into earlier history. If it was worth his while to discuss the condition of the clergy of Wales (A.D. 1415-85), he might have gone more deeply into the ques-

tion than the bald remark that "concubinage was very common." He might have found from the "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*" of Giraldus that in South Wales, as also no doubt in North Wales, "housekeepers" ("*focarii*") were winked at, and tacitly allowed. As Mr. Brewer puts it in the preface to the second volume in the Rolls Series, "marriage prevailed generally among the clergy, allowed, but not named"; and there is fair reason to suppose that it is this connexion which Mr. Phillips brands as concubinage, in glancing at a century or two later. The second chapter, summarizing the events which led up to the Civil War, contains two or three interesting glimpses of the internal condition of Glamorganshire and the coast of South Wales; such as where the attempt to borrow money on Privy Seals fails in the above-named county because "of the losses it had suffered at the hands of Turkish pirates" and of the sums expended in the ransom of "honest men, detained slaves at Sallee" (p. 37), and where the King's requirement of ships or ship-money from the seaports of South Wales brings out the fact that "Monmouthshire, which now boasts a large seaport town in Newport, should have been in the time of Charles without a single ship of thirty tons, or indeed, if we are to believe the Justices, literally without a single ship of any size whatever." Other curious incidental facts as to the payment and collection of ship-money are grouped together in p. 73, and indeed our sole fault with these preliminary chapters is the author's hurry over his subject, which might fairly have claimed of him double the number of pages by way of a solid foundation and a lucid and adequate introduction.

It is when, in the third chapter, we are fairly launched in the war, that we most feel the want of a sound and dispassionate historian. In the autumn of 1642, when the answer of the Salopians and their neighbours to the King's appeal to them to melt down their plate and convert it into money cannot but have had the effect of replenishing the Royal exchequer and strengthening considerably the sinews of war, Mr. Phillips challenges the truth of Clarendon's statement that the result was so satisfactory "that the army was full and constantly paid." "The noble historian," he writes, "draws on his imagination" or "writes years after the event" from mere impressions, for the constant sacking and plundering of houses tells a tale of irregular payments—we should have said a tale rather of lax discipline and the license of civil war. But, whereas Mr. Phillips gives no proof that his impeachment of Clarendon has any foundation in facts, his eagerness to put Charles's cause in a particular light goes far, in the very passage we are referring to, to establish the satisfactory condition of the Royal exchequer, and so to nullify the insinuation of scant and slack pay:—"One fruitful source of money at Shrewsbury appears to have been the selling of dignities and titles. Sir Richard Newport is said to have paid 6,000*l.* for a peerage. For a purse of gold Thomas Lyster of Rounton was knighted. If every man who was knighted here and elsewhere during the war presented Charles with a purse of gold, it must have produced a rather considerable sum of money." Mr. Phillips, like many an over-zealous advocate, proves too much. Again, when, in the early part of 1644, the Royalist fortunes were down in Cheshire and Salop, and Prince Rupert was sent to Shrewsbury to improve matters, we find that the town assessed itself in the large sum of 1,000*l.*, to be paid in one payment, for the purpose of his settling affairs in that district. Mr. Phillips, after stating that Rupert's commission was in general terms to prevent the Parliamentary forces under Brereton and Myddelton, Mytton, and the Earl of Denbigh, from having everything their own way, and that therefore he must have found really serious work to do at Shrewsbury, proceeds, without citation, to impugn Warburton's statement "that, weighty as the work was, Prince Rupert did it thoroughly and single-handed." "The Prince's historian," he writes, "must have had different data from what I have seen, for I cannot find that he accomplished much." A ding like this would go for little in the view of candid readers did the matter rest here; but the amusing thing is that, within the limits of a couple of pages, we are told of Rupert's success against some forces of Sir William Fairfax and Colonel Mytton at Market Drayton on the 4th of March, and of his shortly afterwards, with the help of a part of the forces he had with him at Shrewsbury, winning a signal victory and rendering essential service at Newark. Whilst speaking of Prince Rupert, it may be remarked that, two years earlier, one of the prisoners of distinction taken by him in a dashing charge against the advanced detachment of Essex's army near Worcester, was a Captain Wingate, M.P. for St. Albans. On the faith of a letter purporting to have been written afterwards by Captain Wingate from Ludlow, but, as Mr. Phillips admits, of doubtful genuineness, Prince Rupert is implicated in a charge of cruel and unsoldierly treatment of his captive, in causing him to be stripped and mounted naked on horseback at the head of the army. Though, when it suits his purpose, our author can assess at their due worthlessness the lying letters so current in the Civil War, he dismisses this story with the sort of criticism which one would look for from Mrs. Candour or Sir Benjamin Backbite:—"To me such conduct seems almost incredible, though I am afraid there was some truth in it."

But this is not the utmost length to which Mr. Phillips goes in writing history upon scanty, documentary evidence. A remarkable case occurs in Chap. iii., pp. 137-4. After the battle of Edgehill the Marquess of Hertford had been enabled by the invaluable help of the house of Worcester to raise a considerable army for the King in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire. His aim was to lead them to head-quarters at Oxford, his route being via the Severn

* *Memoirs of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches, 1642-1649.* By John Roland Phillips, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

banks and through Herefordshire. As Mr. Phillips tells the tale, the Parliamentary Governor of Hereford, the Earl of Stamford, prepares to obstruct their passage, and the discovery of this makes the Marquess and the Welsh cross the Severn, turn southwards, and march for Tewkesbury. Here follows an exciting account of how Earl Stamford followed them with 4,000 men, and how a battle ensued on the 16th of November, wherein the Marquess's chosen horse were successfully beaten back, and the Welsh recruits mowed down in whole ranks by the disciplined Parliamentary troops, and their two field pieces. "On that dreadful day 2,500 men were slain and 1,200 prisoners made. A large pit was dug, and friends and foes found a common grave on Tewkesbury plain." The vanquished Marquess beat a retreat across the Severn into South Wales. The Earl of Stamford returned to Hereford. For the whole of this defeat Mr. Phillips's sole quoted authority is a pamphlet entitled "True News out of Herefordshire," which is given as an authentic document in v. ii. 38, &c.; and the narrative might pass muster but for a suspicious repetition in the next page of another brush between Lord Stamford and the Marquess of Hertford near to Hereford, in which, within a fortnight of the bloody battle of Tewkesbury, the former with but fifteen hundred men slays another couple of thousand Welshmen. This is based on a "True relation of a most blessed victory obtained against the Marquess of Hertford" (King's Pamphlets, 83-44), and this even Mr. Phillips is forced to suspect to be a different account of the former transaction. But will it be believed that in the whole of the first-mentioned pamphlet, of which the second is plainly another version, there is not a word of truth, except in the general facts of the Marquess of Hertford being driven from Sherborne and taking refuge in Wales, and of the Earl of Stamford having had a regiment of good soldiers with him in Herefordshire? The rest of that letter was pure fiction, designed to keep up the public courage, bring contempt on the Welsh—whom even this history shows to have been trustfully loyal—and draw off public attention from the alarm and tumult in London consequent upon the news of Edgehill. We shall be exceedingly glad to see any other vouchers for this particular battle of Tewkesbury, of which the large pit on Tewkesbury Plain—in which should be the skeletons of 2,500 Welshmen and 160 Parliamentarians—is meant to be a token and proof; but until such are produced, we must accept the results of Mr. Webb's examination of this "True News out of Herefordshire," which led him to pronounce it a false chronicle.

Passing now to the generals on either side to whom Mr. Phillips's history introduces us, it is impossible not to feel that his study of the character and services of Gerard, the only Cavalier in South Wales who could make head against Laugharne and the Roundheads, and who cleared the counties of Pembroke and Carmarthen from Parliamentary occupation to the very water's edge in 1644 and 1645, is as prejudiced as his estimate of Prince Rupert. We are told that Gerard was a mere soldier and no diplomatist, and that his unconciliatory treatment of the Welsh and preference of his own creatures acted injuriously to the King's cause. The best answer to such statements is the success of his several campaigns, and the fact that when, after the meeting of the King and the Posse Comitatus of Glamorgan at St. Fagans, Gerard was removed from the command with the much-grudged sop of a peerage, it was a signal for the commencement of Laugharne's successes in Pembrokehire, first against Gerard's lieutenants, and then against his successor, Sir Jacob Astley. Had we space, it might be shown that Laugharne, an able soldier and general, gains praise enough in these pages until, in 1648-9, upon the defection of the Parliamentary army in South Wales, in the second Civil War, he saw fit to take up arms for the King. Thenceforth he, Powell, and Poyer, rank as renegades, though it is difficult to see why, except because they were formidable as soldiers, they deserved harder names than the sturdy old Archbishop of York, who, when his King's cause seemed hopeless, aided Parliament to get possession of Conway, and to the end of his days was hand in glove with Oliver Cromwell. Not that we can say of Mr. Phillips's sketches of the generals prominent in the Civil War in Wales that they are, except where there is a bias against them, lively or striking. A better artist might have set more vividly before us such men as Brereton and Myddelton, Mytton and Colonel Laugharne. Instead of this, Mr. Phillips is distracted by the petty wrongs of Sir Hugh Owen at Haverfordwest, an elderly prisoner who, when the Royalists had to beat a retreat thence, was hurried away, "although unbreasted and in his pantables, preparing for bed." Then he wastes half a page upon the kiss with which the stern puritan Governor of Monmouth requited a buxom servant-girl who assisted in the defence of Wonastow House, and, as if for a set-off, introduces in a note a trumpery figment about an illegitimate addition to the Royal family having been the result of Charles I. passing a night at Llandisilio, near Oswestry. The proofs of this story are that a field near is still called "Prince's field," and that within living memory there was a family at Llandisilio of Stuart-like features and of the name of Prince. By the way, and *à propos* of the indignity to Sir Hugh Owen, we do not find pity wasted on Sir Thomas Dallison, when he had to make his escape from Welshpool in his shirt, and not even in his "pantables." But then he was a Royalist.

It would be vain to attempt within our limits to show how partially coloured are the accounts of the traitorous betrayal of Monmouth, and the capture of Hereford by Colonel Birch. No one would guess from Mr. Phillips that the latter was a matter of bribing two disaffected officers, whom the Colonel met, not at Newington, but Nunnington. For Clurewell in the forest

district (p. 270) *Clearwell* should be read; for *Coford*, Coleford; and for Framolet Ferry (ii. p. 66), not *Frampton*, but Framilode Passage, near Westbury-on-Severn. It is a more serious geographical blunder which in i. p. 121 makes the Royalists cross the channel to Cardiff from *Minehead*, in Gloucestershire. And where, we would ask, can the author have lived not to know that a "cone-grew" (ii. p. 53), which interfered with a *terra firma* for military occupation at Torporley, in Cheshire, is good old English for a *rabbit warren* (see Wright and Halliwell s. v. *conig.*), or that the poet Byron was not the last possessor of the title (i. p. 188). It is clear that we have yet to wait for a competent history of the Civil War in Wales and the Marches.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume of Molière's complete works, forming part of M. Hachette's *Collection des grands écrivains*, is now before us*, and it fully sustains the high character of the whole series. The plays here given are *Les Précieuses*, *Sganarelle*, *Don Garcie de Navarre*, and *L'école des maris*, each of them being accompanied by illustrative remarks, various readings, notes, &c. The subject of the *Précieuses* is one which could not fail to interest M. Despois, and once more we are invited to decide whether Molière really intended to run down the whole coterie assembled at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, or merely the exaggerations of *préciosité*. The late M. Roederer, followed by other critics, maintained the latter opinion. M. Despois is more severe, and attempts to prove that Somaize himself understood perfectly well the wide scope of Molière's attack. Of late years it has been the fashion to panegyrize Mlle. de Scudéry, Voiture, and the other admirers of Julie d'Angennes; M. Cousin set the example, and at his suggestion many enthusiasts went so far as to begin the reading of *Le grand Cyrus*. Whether they had patience enough to wade through the whole work is more than we can say; but it may be safely affirmed that M. Despois's notice of *Les Précieuses* will prevent this extraordinary mania from spreading. His thorough knowledge of French and foreign literature has enabled him to throw much curious and apposite information into the foot-notes which enrich almost every page; thus the amusing monologue of Sganarelle (Scene xvii.) gives him an opportunity for introducing a long quotation from Scarron's *Jodelet duelliste*, and another from Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, First Part.

It is not very long ago that we had to notice a new edition of André Chénier's works, published in the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*; the present volume† is designed to complete it, and at the same time it is a severe criticism on the attempt lately made by a relative of the poet to publish in a correct form the beautiful productions which M. de Latouche first introduced to French readers more than fifty years since. If we may believe M. Beq de Fouquières, the three volumes recently edited by M. de Chénier are worthless in every respect; the text is full of errors, the biographical sketch swarms with blunders and unproved assertions, the original MSS. have not been consulted, and the general result is a slovenly production, every line of which calls for correction. M. de Fouquières appears to have been asked for his opinion of M. de Chénier's merits as an editor, and his answer is contained in the volume before us. The first part includes all the strictly biographical details; it is supplemented by interesting appendices respecting M. de Pange, the Duchess de Flerry, the Trudaines, and others; the second division is devoted to a minute description and discussion of the text. It would be tedious to wade through all the particulars of this long and bitter criticism.

M. de Franqueville is already favourably known in this country in connexion with our laws, our administration, and our social and political usages; he has frequently been sent to England by his Government on missions of inquiry, and the latest result of his investigations‡ is the bulky and valuable work just published. It gives a complete account of the system on which means of locomotion are regulated here; railways, ordinary roads, tramways, bridges, ferries, and canals, come in successively for their share of notice; and the author offers several practical remarks on harbours and docks, drainage and lighthouses. What is the difference between the management of these various elements of industry in France and in England? M. de Franqueville dwells much of course on the fact that, whereas State interference or management is the rule with our neighbours, we prefer the action of private enterprise. One consequence is that a much greater amount of uniformity and of method is noticeable in France than in England, where wisdom is bought at the cost of repeated and often sad experience. M. de Franqueville's work is executed with the utmost care, and illustrated by official documents and statistical tables.

The *Année géographique*§, published by M. de Saint-Martin, is always full of useful information; the bibliographical summary which heads each chapter enables the reader to see at once what books he should procure, and how far they can be trusted, and the extracts are judiciously selected with a view to bring out the most

* *Œuvres complètes de Molière*. Publiées par M. E. Despois. Vol. 2. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Documents nouveaux sur André Chénier*, etc. Par M. Beq de Fouquières. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Du régime des travaux publics en Angleterre*. Par Ch. de Franqueville. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *L'année géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. 13^e année. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

salient points of the works analysed. The travels and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone occupy a conspicuous place in the volume before us; Mr. Forsyth's mission is also fully described. Under the heading *Géographie historique* the reader will notice an interesting notice of the old geographer Dionysius Byzantius, whose last treatise, *De Bospori navigatione*, has lately been found and published by M. Wescher. More than three hundred years ago a French *savant*, Pierre Gilles (in Latin *Gyllius*), printed a Latin translation of that work from a Greek MS. which he had in his possession; the MS. was unfortunately lost, and some of the most distinguished scholars of the seventeenth century, such as Lucas Hostenius, Leo Allatius, Ducange, and Fabricius, made fruitless efforts to recover it; M. Wescher has at last discovered it amongst a number of parchments bought in 1841 by M. Minoide Mynas for the Paris National Library.

Camille Desmoulins is one of the most amusing and characteristic personages of the first French Revolution, and he has found an enthusiastic admirer in M. Jules Claretie. Already, in the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*, M. Claretie had published an edition of the works of his favourite hero; we are now invited to read a complete biography of Camille Desmoulins, enriched with a number of curious documents previously unpublished.* Not only the witty journalist, but his wife Lucile, and the whole political group of which he forms the centre, appear in this volume. The archives of the Prefecture of Police, so full of documents relating to various epochs of the history of France, particularly the Revolutionary period, were known to contain many papers respecting Camille Desmoulins. There were the notes taken by Topino-Lebrun, one of the jurymen of the tribunal which sent to the guillotine the *vieux Cordelier*, Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine; Courtois (de l'Aube) had also left some fragments carefully preserved in the same office. It is very fortunate that M. Claretie obtained permission to consult and transcribe these papers before the terrible events of 1870-71; for the Prefecture of Police was one of the public buildings destroyed by the Communists, and all its records were burnt. M. Claretie does not attempt to conceal his admiration for Camille Desmoulins's political character; but at the same time he justly denounces his acts of wanton cruelty and the mischievous use he often made of his unquestionable talent. In addition to the documents already mentioned, the volume contains several of Camille's *juvenilia*, letters by Fréron, &c. &c. Amongst the pictorial illustrations we may mention a portrait of Lucile, drawn in facsimile from a sketch taken in 1793 by G. M. Brune, then a printer, and afterwards a marshal of France.

M. Paillard's† work, like M. Dubois-Suchan's two volumes on Tacitus, was written for a political purpose, and although from that point of view it has now scarcely any *raison d'être*, yet it will still be read with interest by persons whom the vicissitudes of the Roman Empire have always the power of fascinating. The author wished that Napoleon III., immediately after the last plébiscite, had associated his son with him in the Empire; the example of Rome, he thinks, might well have been copied, and he believes it would have been worth while to try a plan which for centuries perpetuated the Imperial system, first in Italy, then at Constantinople, through incessant agitations and despite innumerable causes of dissolution. The volume before us is, in fact, the history of the succession to the throne, beginning with Augustus and ending with Constantine Dragosès; but it is also an apology for universal suffrage applied to the consolidation of despotism. M. Paillard longs to see an *entente cordiale* finally established between what he calls the principle of authority as embodied in monarchical traditions and the democratic right of control exercised through the working of unrestricted suffrage.

George Sand's new volume‡ is a reprint of critical articles published long ago, which introduce us to several literary celebrities more or less well known, Goethe, Mickiewicz, Lord Byron, &c. The chapter relating to M. Henri de Latouche is interesting on account of the influence which he had over the author of *Valentine*, *Mauprat*, and *Consuelo*. M. de Latouche himself never accomplished anything remarkable in literature; but, as we had occasion to mention just now, he claims the merit of having been the earliest editor of André Chénier, and he conducted for several years a clever Opposition newspaper, the *Figaro*. From George Sand's notice of him he seems to have been a kind of hypochondriac, very uncertain in his dealings with his friends, and ready to cut them for the smallest imaginable reason, often for no reason at all. George Sand was recommended to him when she came to Paris in 1830; he helped her with his advice, opened to her the columns of the *Figaro*, and may be said to have made her acquainted with her own powers. Balzac is another celebrated writer whose merits are discussed *autour de la table*; George Sand judges him very impartially, we think, and shows the wide difference which separates *Eugénie Grandet*, *Ursule Mirouët*, and half-a-dozen more of his romances from the rough and hasty sketches contained in the vast majority of the works collected together under the ambitious title *La comédie humaine*.

M. Courrière, in unfolding before us the history of contemporary Russian literature, takes us to fresh woods and pastures new.§ His preface begins with a short sketch of the first

attempts at intellectual culture amongst the Slavonic inhabitants of North-Eastern Europe, and shows us that vast nation just emerging from barbarism and falling under the rule of Byzantine Christianity. The change was not altogether favourable to literary progress, and for a considerable time religion was almost the only theme discussed by Slavonic writers. Peter the Great and Catharine may be said to be the sovereigns who did most for the civilization of their subjects, and M. Courrière describes the former as endeavouring to Europeanize Russia à coups d'ukases et d'amendes. The outbreak of the Romantic movement told powerfully upon Russian literature by making it essentially national, and stamping it with a character of originality. Pouchkine, Lermontoff, Gogol, and Bielinski, are the best representatives of this revolution, which has for the first time given to Russian thought a conspicuous place in the annals of the modern world. M. Courrière's volume is divided into three parts corresponding respectively to—1, the earliest times; 2, modern literature as far as the Crimean War; 3, contemporary literature; it closes with an excellent summary and an alphabetical index.

The subject treated by M. Imbert de Saint-Amand* is one in which many critics have delighted; Versailles and its glories, Mme. de Montespan and Mme. de Maintenon, the Duchess of Burgundy, Mme. de Caylus, and Louis XIV. ruling over all. Our author paints these various portraits with a respectful and loving hand, dealing much too favourably, we think, with the *grand monarque*. In order to judge impartially that proud and selfish King, we should leave the atmosphere of Versailles, and consult, not Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, but Saint-Simon's *Memoirs* and La Bruyère's *Caractères*.

The large work of M. Maxime du Camp is at last finished, and forms a thorough description of modern Paris in all its most striking features.† The contents of the sixth volume are both varied and interesting. They include the income of the metropolis, the movement of the population (births, deaths, and marriages), burial-grounds, theatres, public libraries, and newspapers; and the last chapter endeavours to place before us the character of the true Parisian—*le Parisien Parisien*, as a novelist has remarked—observed from every possible point of view. It would be difficult to give an adequate idea of the immense mass of facts contained in this volume—facts relating to the history of Paris from the earliest times, interspersed with statistical documents, anecdotes, and original observations. M. du Camp is too good a Parisian not to believe that "l'âme de Paris est l'âme de l'humanité"; but he knows where the shades of the picture are to be found, and he frankly draws attention to them. Thus, speaking of the passion for that equality which Frenchmen prefer to liberty, he says:—"Every Parisian carries in himself a Right side and a Left side which are always struggling for pre-eminence; they give their votes wrong, never listen to the President's bell, and founder in those logomachies which in days of yore brought Byzantium to its destruction. The Parisian cannot understand liberty or tolerate authority, and he would be quite ungovernable if he did not respect those who frighten him a little." M. du Camp admirably describes the fascination exercised by Paris upon provincials. England, he says, has dependencies, where the overplus of its population can secure a wide field for wholesome activity; the Germans start for America; the Russians, without emigrating, find ample scope for their energies in cultivating the enormous tracts of waste land which their empire contains; Italy sends emigrants to Monte Video and Mexico; France moves towards Paris, and the hope of making a rapid fortune there determines thousands to encounter the temptations of the capital. Out of the multitude, very few succeed; the others supply the army of the barricades with desperadoes whom every revolution finds ready for action. M. du Camp's description of the modern Parisians is not reassuring.

Several excellent school books on history, both ancient and modern, have lately reached us. M. Eugène Talbot's sketch of Roman history‡, based upon the larger works of Niebuhr, Ampère, Mommsen, and others, and completed by chronological tables, is particularly valuable. M. Petit de Julleville has abridged in the same manner the voluminous annals of Greece, and contrived to make a mere compendium really interesting.§ M. Antonin Roche's History of England||, which has now reached a fourth edition, goes more into detail than either of those two works. The author appears to have profitably consulted the series of chronicles published under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls, and we observe that his work has been sanctioned for educational purposes by the *Conseil supérieur de l'Instruction publique*.

The competitions proposed from time to time by the French Academy have often resulted in works of great value on curious points of literature or history; thus the *Éloge de Bourdaloue* suggested last year has excited the emulation of no less than forty-two candidates, and the essay which obtained the prize is a volume of nearly six hundred pages¶, reflecting the greatest credit upon the author, M. Feugère. After a biographical introduction, in which the few known facts about the celebrated Jesuit preacher are neatly related, M. Feugère discusses the sermons, and examines

* *Les femmes de Versailles*. Par Imbert de Saint-Amand. Paris: Dentu.

† *Paris, ses organes, ses fonctions et sa vie*. Par Maxime du Camp. Vol. 6. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Histoire romaine*. Par E. Talbot. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Histoire grecque*. Par L. Petit de Julleville. Paris: Lemerre.

|| *Histoire d'Angleterre depuis les temps les plus reculés*. Par Antonin Roche. Paris: Delagrave.

¶ *Bourdaloue, sa prédication et son temps*. Par A. Feugère. Paris: Didier.

* *Camille Desmoulins, Lucile Desmoulins; étude sur les Dantonistes*. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: Plon.

† *Histoire de la transmission du pouvoir impérial à Rome et à Constantinople*. Par Alphonse Paillard. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Autour de la table*. Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Histoire de la littérature contemporaine en Russie*. Par C. Courrière. Paris: Charpentier.

them from various points of view. What are the qualities which distinguish Bourdaloue from his rivals in eloquence, Massillon, Bossuet, and Fénelon? The answer to this question gives the author an opportunity of sketching the history of pulpit eloquence in France during the seventeenth century, and of bringing out the merits of Bourdaloue, as M. Bungener did many years ago in his pretty novel, *Un sermon sous Louis XIV.* It is a curious fact that no Jansenist condemned with more unsparing energy the doctrines of "probabilism" and of "intention" than the Jesuit preacher; and, as M. Feugère remarks, if he had appeared thirty years sooner, there would have been no occasion for the *Provinciales*. For this reason many of the friends of Port-Royal—Madame de Sévigné and Boileau, for instance—held Bourdaloue in high esteem. The third part of M. Feugère's work contains a most instructive description of French society, and especially of the French Court, as they appear in the sermons of the great Catholic preacher. Notwithstanding the splendour by which mankind was so long dazzled, Versailles was a centre of corruption, a school of impiety and of pride, where scandals of the grossest kind were openly tolerated and encouraged.

M. Lezat's monograph* is less developed than M. Feugère's, but it deserves to be read, and contains an excellent estimate of Bourdaloue. Examining successively the questions of doctrine, ethics, and style, M. Lezat shows that, whilst discussions of doctrinal truths hold a relatively small place in the sermons of Bourdaloue, the whole weight of the orator's teaching is concentrated upon practical experience and morality. As regards the rank to be assigned to him in the catalogue of pulpit orators, Bossuet is the only one whom our author places before him; Massillon's style occasionally degenerates into mere verbiage, and even the *Petit carême* which has procured for the Bishop of Clermont the name of *Racine de la chaire* is of a flimsy texture compared with Bourdaloue's sermons.

M. Nuijter† has devoted a small volume, plentifully illustrated, to a description of the new Opera-house in Paris, and he begins by giving an account of the twelve buildings which have been successively consecrated to dramatic music since the middle of the seventeenth century. It was in 1659 that the first *comédie française en musique* was brought out in a small edifice situated opposite the rue Guénégaud; the Abbé Perrin and the composer Lambert had joined their talents together for the production of a "pastoral" in five acts and a prologue. *Pomona*, such was the title of the play, met with a *succès d'enthousiasme*, and was looked upon as a masterpiece, not only for the music and the words, but for the stage arrangements, scenery, and the like. We need scarcely tell our readers that M. Garnier's Opera-house has been unmercifully criticized; whilst the style of the building is considered meretricious and in essentially bad taste, the arrangement of the stage seems defective, and the acoustic qualities leave much to be desired. M. Nuijter's volume is full of details on every point connected with the management, decoration, ventilation, &c., of the building.

The travelling reminiscences‡ of M. Max Radiguet are a good specimen of a style of literature which is now more and more cultivated amongst our neighbours. Between the mere tourist's impressions such as Alexandre Dumas delighted in and the scientific researches of the studious traveller there is plenty of room for narratives of travel where the social life, the religion, the customs, and the civilization of a country receive equal attention with the landscape, the scenery, and the natural productions. M. Radiguet seems to us to have hit this happy medium; attached as a secretary to Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, who commanded the French fleet in the Pacific, he has enjoyed special facilities for exercising his powers of observation, and the result is the book now before us. We heartily recommend it to our readers, and those who are acquainted with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will easily recognize some of M. Radiguet's descriptions.

The reception of M. Dumas fils at the Académie Française has been the great literary event of the day; and it is tolerably well known to those who were present that the honours of the *séance* were for the author of *La dame aux camélias*, whilst M. d'Haussonville's answer was scarcely noticed. If, however, we take up the two speeches now that they are published, we at once see how deceptive are the impressions derived from mere oral delivery. A full account of the incident will be found in the last number of the *Bibliothèque universelle*§, which is, as usual, both varied and entertaining. M. Tallicet continues his remarks on contemporary France; M. Glardon takes us as far as Central Asia in a well-written review of Mr. Cooper's *Mishmee Hills*, and Dr. Horner gives a biographical sketch of the celebrated ophthalmologist, Albert de Graefe.

* *Bourdaloue, théologien et orateur.* Par M. l'abbé Lezat. Paris: Thorin.

† *Le nouvel opéra.* Par Ch. Nuijter. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Souvenirs de l'Amérique espagnole.* Par M. Max Radiguet. Paris: Lévy.

§ *La Bibliothèque universelle.* March 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE NEW ALEXANDRA PALACE GRAND OPENING FESTIVAL, MAY 1.

The Musical Arrangements, in which the principal Artists of Her Majesty's Opera will take part, will be under the entire direction of Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

The Guinea Season Ticket, admitting to the Opening Ceremony, and including Membership of the Alexandra Palace Art Union, is now on sale at the Company's Office, and their Agents.

MUSICAL UNION.—Papini, from Florence, Violinist (Second Season) and Herr Stager, Pianist (First time), with Wiener, Wäsfelghem, and Laserra, will commence the Thirty-first Season, on Tuesday afternoon, April 13, St. James's Hall. Hon. Members will receive their Admissions with the Programmes. Members whose Tickets have not been received to apply to the Director, Prof. Edda, 9 Victoria Square.

SNOWDON IN WINTER; Sunrise.—EXHIBITION of WORKS by ELIJAH WALTON, including the above fine Picture and many New large ALPINE, EASTERN, and other subjects. Burlington Gallery, 191 Piccadilly. Admission and Catalogue, 1s. Ten to Six.

ARTISTS' ORPHAN FUND.

For the Support and Education of the Orphan Children of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers. President—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH will Preside at a DINNER in aid of this Fund, at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Saturday, May 8.

Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by—JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Hon. Sec., 7 Cromwell Place, South Kensington.

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From whom information relating to the Fund can be obtained. The cost of the Dinner, including Wines, £1 1s. each Person. Tickets for which can be had from the ACTING SECRETARY.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The INAUGURAL MEETING will be held on Wednesday, April 14, 1875, at the Rooms of the Architectural Society, 5 Conduit Street, W. The Chair will be taken at 8.30 precisely. The President pro tem, Mr. Sergeant COX, will deliver an Inaugural Address, on the "Province of Psychology." Cards of Invitation to Visitors will be sent to any persons desirous to be present, on application by post to FRANCIS K. MUTTON, the Honorary Secretary, 21 Montague Street, Russell Square.

SAVING OF LIFE AT SEA.—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, April 6, at Eight P.M., to consider the "Government Merchants' Shipping Acts Amendment Bill," Mr. ELMSOLL, M.P., and other Gentlemen will address the Meeting. Admission Free. Tickets for Reserved Seats to be obtained from Mrs. HENRY KINGSLAY, 4 Victoria Street, Westminster.

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE OF "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vierge," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 25 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

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ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION commences on Monday, May 2. The Hospital contains 300 Beds. Clinical Lectures are delivered by the Physicians and Surgeons every week. The usual Courses of Lectures are also given by the appointed Teachers. Dr. ROBERT BAILEY has this year been chosen Lecturer on Midwifery, and Dr. BAILEY Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy. Further information may be obtained from the TREASURER or DEAN of the School, at the Hospital.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ENGINEERING. Principal—Mr. J. W. WILSON, Assoc. Inst. C.E. The NEXT TERM will open on Monday, April 27. Prospectus, &c., on application in the Office of the School of Art, Science, and Literature, Byzantine Court, North end Crystal Palace.

By Order of the Committee. F. K. J. SHENTON, Superintendent Literary Department.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight, £40; Four, £20. Election, Second Week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, 1876.—There will be an Examination in June, beginning on Tuesday, June 22, at Nine A.M., for SIX JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS and ONE BENSON SCHOLARSHIP. For particulars apply to Rev. THE RICHARD, Wellington College, writing outside the envelope "Open Scholarships."

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